# THE

# CHRISTIAN'S COMPANION,

BEING A SELECTION OF

# HYMNS

AND

# SPIRITUAL SONGS,

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

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*BY JOHN P. LEMAY.*

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I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.
*Psalms* lvii. 9.

My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee. *P.* lxxi. 23.

For the Lord JEHOVAH *is* my strength and *my* song; he also is become my salvation.
*Is.* xii. 2.

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Second Edition.

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## TO THE READER.

The societies belonging to the Christian Church being almost entirely destitute of Hymn Books, I have, in the fear and with an eye single to the glory of God, made this selection; in which, it is believed, but few Hymns will be found which may not be sung with propriety by Christians of every denomination.

The present edition has been enlarged, revised and corrected by the author; and he humbly trusts that his efforts to present to the public an improved—a more acceptable and useful volume have not been bestowed in vain.

His sole object, in presenting this collection to the public, is the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom—the comfort and encouragement of His people. If, therefore, any good should result, to God and to the Lamb be all the glory, both now and for ever!

JOHN P. LEMAY.

*Granville County, N. C.*
*May 27, 1836.*

H1180

EHOLD

# HYMNS.

## HYMN 1. C. M.

1 BEHOLD thy waiting people, Lord,
Thy gracious power to feel;
To feed upon thy blessed word,
And learn to do thy will.

2 Great Lord, to whom we all belong,
My Lord, thy right assert;
And take up every thankful song,
And every humble heart.

3 We must, my Lord, we are thine own,
Who bought us with a price;
The christian lives to Christ alone,
And in the Lord he dies.

4 Our humble thanks, my Lord, receive,
With every heart's desire,
Let grace prepare us well to live,
And in thy cause expire.

5 Our soúls and bodies we resign,
As all belongs to thee;
We're not our own, O Lord, but thine,
To all eternity.

## HYMN 2. S. M.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy laws depart.

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlighten'd be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause,
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee, and never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

6 Still stir me up to strive
With thee by grace divine;
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

7 Bear up my sinking soul
Throughout the fiery hour,

Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

3 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

## HYMN 3. C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
What'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Don't leave us comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us so build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

## HYMN 4. C. M.

1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our pray'r is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A yoke of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink,
Baptise into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rds each other move,
And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The threefold cord of love;

O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that leads above.

7 Grant this, and from all below
To thee in love we move;
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect thus in love.

## HYMN 5. C. M.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to one head,
Where he appoints we go;
And we will in his footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of his precious grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

## HYMN 6. C. M.

1 THROUGH thee we now together come
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one:
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

3 Subject us to thy word, O Lord,
No power can make us twain,
While mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

4 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh;
While on the wings of faith and prayer
We each to other fly.

5 In Jesus Christ together we
In heavenly places sit:
Cloth'd with the sun, we smile to see
The moon beneath our feet.

6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;

Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

## HYMN 7. S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd

3 Let discord, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

## HYMN 8. C. M.

1 LET those who bear the christian name,
Their calling to fulfil,
As faithful followers of the Lamb,
Be men of honor still.

2 Be true to what you undertake,
Keep clean the robe you wear;
Faithful and just in all you speak,
For God and angels hear.

3 O let our lips and hearts agree,
And words of truth devise;
For sure the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise!

4 We bear the worthy christian name,
But have we Christ within?
Do we possess that heavenly flame
That burns the dross and tin?

5 The easy yoke of Christ we'll bear,
Regard his sacred laws;
Then have a right his name to wear,
And vindicate his cause.

## HYMN 9. L. M.

1 O THOU, our Brother, Husband, Head,
Behold a cloud of incense rise!
The prayers of saints to heaven ascend,
Grateful, accepted sacrifice!

2 Regard our prayers for Zion's peace;
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad;
Thy gifts abundantly increase;
Enlarge and fill us all with God.

3 Before thy sheep, great Shepherd, go,
And guide into thy perfect will;
Cause us thy hallow'd name to know,
The work of faith in us fulfil.

4 Help us to make our calling sure;
O let us all be saints indeed!

And pure as thou thyself art pure,
Conform'd in all things to our Head.

5 Take the dear purchase of thy blood;
Thy blood can wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

6 That blood which cleanses from all sin,
That efficacious blood apply;
And wash, and make us wholly clean,
And change and throughly sanctify.

## HYMN 10. S. M.

1 LORD, I'm asham'd to say
How I've refused thy grace,
And turn'd my wretched heart away
From thine inviting face.

2 Not all thy lovely charms,
Nor terrors of thy hand,
Could move me to lay down my arms,
Nor love to thy command.

3 O strive again with me,
Nor turn away thy face;
My soul is longing now for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

4 Lord, shall I never feel,
The meltings of thy love?
Am I transformed to harden'd steel,
That mercy cannot move?

5 But, O, I feel impressed,
With groans to see thy face,
My weary spirit longs for rest,
And sinks beneath thy grace.

6 Here at thy feet I fall,
Beneath thy cross I lie;
Here let me into nothing fall,
And weep, and love, and die.

## *PRAYER, INTERCESSION, AND PENITENTIAL.*

### HYMN 11. L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone;
O that I could at last submit;
At Jesu's feet to lay me down,
To lay my soul at Jesu's feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of in-bred sin,
And set my struggling spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I can love and worship thee.

4 Fain would I learn of the, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove;
To bear the cross all stain'd with blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I look to thee, my Lord, for power,
My burden'd soul from sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
When I shall feel my Father's peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy promise long delay;
Appear in my poor heart appear,
My great Deliverer,—come away.

## HYMN 12. L. M.

1 AH, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which hath thy body torn;
Give me with broken heart to see
Thy last tremendous agony!

2 Here at thy tortur'd feet I lie,
Lord save a soul condemn'd to die;
Let a poor wretch come near thy throne,
And plead the merits of thy son.

3 Here at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy blood;
What can I render, Lord, to thee,
Who bled, and groan'd, and died for me.

4 Could I but gain the Mountain's height
And gaze upon that awful sight,
O that with Salem's daughters I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!

5 I'd smite my breast, and inly mourn,
And never from the cross return;

I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus' blood.

## HYMN 13. L. M.

1 JESUS, behold my broken heart,
For mercy, Lord, to thee I cry;
O ease this mental grievous smart,
Relieve me soon, or else I die!

2 On my poor heart a burden lies,
That all creation can't remove;
My numerous sins like mountains rise;
Forgive me, O thou God of love.

3 Almighty arm, break off my chains,
And set a suffering captive free,
O kind Physician, ease my pains,
That I may love and worship thee.

4 Eternal Judge, wilt thou despise
The prisoner's groans, the broken sigh?
O speak and bid my soul arise,
Come quickly, Lord, or I must die.

5 Let every earthly friend depart,
And all connexion cease to love,
Let feeling leave the mother's heart;
But let my soul thy goodness prove.

6 Here at thy cross I lay me down,
And if I die in deep despair,
I'll look towards thy gracious throne,
And if I'm lost I'll perish there!

## HYMN 14. L. M.

1 TO heaven I raise my mournful cries,
For mercy's sake thy creature hear;
Destruction waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

2 Mine eyes are lifted tow'rd thy hill,
My hands are reached out to pray,
Here at thy feet I'm waiting still,
Lord Jesus, drive me not away.

3 Permit me, Lord, in sore distress,
To bow before a gracious God;
Here may I wait for pard'ning grace
Till I am sprinkled with thy blood.

4 Then I'll report to broken hearts,
Be not dismay'd, for God is nigh;
Both grace and mercy he imparts,
When souls in deep contrition lie.

5 To him the poor lift up their eyes;
He soon will make their faces shine;
He'll gather blessings from the skies,
And fill their souls with food divine.

## HYMN 15. L. M.

1 O JESUS, see my panting breast,
O see I pant in thee to rest;
Come, pardon, Lord, and make me clean,
And cleanse my soul from every sin.

2 But dust and ashes though we be,
And prone to sin and misery;

Yet thine we are, O Son of God,
And we are bought with Jesus' blood.

3 Then he who on thy name believes,
'Tis he the pardon soon receives;
He sees with joy thy smiling face,
And shouts and sings redeeming grace!

4 O, grace and mercy can there be
At thy rich throne reserved for me?
And can the Judge his wrath forbear?
O Lord, the chief of sinners spare.

5 And if I rightly read thy heart,
All love and goodness as thou art,
Then let Jehovah's pity move,
And wrath be melted into love.

6 Come, let thy tender mercy fall,
Come now my ruin'd soul recall,
And all my former sins forget,
Then let me fall and kiss thy feet!

## HYMN 16. C. M.

1 With tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, O God,
My unbelief and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Where is the heart so mean, so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So full of guilt and sin?

3 My reason tells me, thy commands
Are holy, just and true;
I know whatever God demands,
Is his most righteous due.

4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh.
Her doctrines I approve;
But still I find it hard t' obey,
Yet harder still to love.

5 How long, great Saviour, shall I feel
These struggles in my breast?
I pray thee break my stubborn will.
And give my conscience rest.

6 Almighty Saviour, break the charm,
And set the prisoner free:
O Lord, reveal thy mighty arm,
And haste to rescue me.

## HYMN 17. L. M.

1 I FEEL the plague of inbred sin,
I feel unholy and unclean;
The law requires a perfect heart,
But I'm defil'd in every part.

2 Almighty God create me new,
O change this heart and make it true;
I do with shame my sins confess,
I stand expos'd in deep distress.

3 I fall condemn'd before thy face,
My only hope is in thy grace;

No outward forms can make me clean,
My deep pollution lies within.

4 O glorious Lord, thy blood alone,
Hath power to cleanse and to atone;
Thy wonder working pow'r display,
And turn my darkness into day.

5 O save a ruin'd sinner, Lord,
Who hears and trembles at thy word,
Where shall I find one promise, where,
To save from gloomy black despair?

6 My troubled spirit finds no ease,
A stranger to that bliss called peace;
But yet at times I feel a hope
That my dear Lord will raise me up.

## HYMN 18. L. M.

1 MY sorrows, Lord, to thee are known,
Thou once did suffer pain for me;
Regard my tears, and hear my groan,
Remember bloody Calvary!

2 Remember, Lord, thy fervent prayers,
And call to mind thy sweat and blood,
Thy heaving sighs, thy cries and tears,
Thy dying groans, "My God, my God!"

3 For whom didst thou the cross endure,
And why bound to that fatal tree?
Did not thy death my life procure?
O let thy bowels answer me!

4 The day of small and feeble things,
A gracious God will not despise,
O come with healing in thy wings,
Thou Sun of Righteousness arise.

5 O the rich blessings of the cross,
Where God in Jesus lov'd and died;
Some comfort now my spirit draws,
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

6 Give me to know thy precious name,
The sweetest name that e'er was known;
I'll join the heavens to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his blazing throne.

## HYMN 19. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the leeper at thy feet,
Here the polluted lies;
I look toward thy mercy seat,
And upward cast mine eyes.

2 If groans and tears would now suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Ah! tears of grief from both mine eyes
By day and night might flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To wash away my guilt;
I plead the tears my Saviour shed,
The precious blood he spilt.

4 Great God, for thine own mercy sake,
A guilty wretch restore;

And let my suffering soul partake
The pardon I implore.

5 Speak, O my Lord, the word of peace,
Relieve my trembling heart;
Speak to the storm, and bid it cease,
And guilt will soon depart.

6 Thou art the sinner's friend, O Lord,
In Jesus now forgive;
Will not thyself approve the word
That bids the sinner live?

## HYMN 20. S. M.

1 BESIDE the gospel pool,
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpless soul
Has waited for a cure.

2 How often have I seen
The healing waters move;
And others round me slipping in,
Their efficacy prove.

3 But my complaints remain,
I feel the very same,
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at first I came.

4 O! would the Lord appear,
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languish'd here,
And what distress I feel.

5 How often have I thought,
Why should I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have sought,
Is not for such as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,
To make a sinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait and hope and try;
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,
Yet suffer him to die?

8 No, he is full of grace,
He never will permit
A soul that fain would see his face,
To perish at his feet.

## HYMN 21. C. M.

1 O MIGHTY God, to me unknown,
If through the light of grace,
Convinc'd of sin, my soul doth mourn
To see thy smiling face.

2 The vail of unbelief remove,
My crimes I now confess;
Give me a new-born soul to prove
The power of saving grace.

3 Thee, O my Lord, I long to know,
One grain of faith impart;

The gift unspeakable bestow,
And ease my troubled heart.

4 That God with me is reconcil'd
I long to testify;
Then I, thy dear adopted child,
Will Abba, Father cry.

5 A soul in bondage still I am,
But thou canst make me free;
I feel a hope, I think I can
Depose my soul with thee.

6 The pledge, the witness and the seal,
When thou my portion art,
Then I with sacred joy shall feel
That Christ is in my heart!

## HYMN 22. S. M.

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release;
And to thy Father's grace restore;
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea;
My present and eternal peace
Are both derived from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow,

And all who feel that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come, then, and now impart
To me thy righteousness;
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace.
That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justify'd by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

## HYMN 23. C. M.

1 O SUN of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing;
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.

3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on thee.

4 Father, thy long-lost son receive;
Saviour, thy purchase own;
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown.

5 Then to the Father, Son and Spirit
Eternal praise shall be,
On whom all faith, all hope be placed,
All love be paid to thee.

## HYMN 24. L. M.

1 THY glorious presence, Lord, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Speak, Lord, and open every ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.

2 Our worldly thoughts and cares restrain,
Nor let us preach and hear in vain;
Give us this day our daily bread,
With food divine may we be fed.

3 O may this be a gracious day,
Come, blessed Spirit, come away;
May slaves be out of bondage led,
O break the rocks and raise the dead.

4 Jesus, thou Prince and God divine,
Our light and life from the must flow;
We preach no other name but thine,
To save a world from endless wo.

5 No other name we find is given,
To lead us in the way to heaven;
And by his grace and dying love,
He'll lead his flock to bliss above.

## HYMM 25. L. M.

1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;

And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake,
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou has felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed,
And that blest something much I need;
Thy spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

## HYMN 26. C. M.

1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early, with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

## HYMN 27. L. M.

1 FAIN would I go to thee, my God,
Thy mercies and my wants to tell;
To feel my Saviour's precious blood;
Which makes us happy thus to feel.

2 Freed from the power of Satan's chain,
When shall my soul triumphant prove?
Why breaks not out the fire within,
In flames of joy, and praise, and love?

3 Jesus, to thee my soul aspires;
Jesus, to thee I plight my vows;
Keep me from earthly, base desires.
My God, my Saviour, and my Spouse.

4 Fountain of all-sufficient bliss,
Thou art the good I seek below;
Fulness of joy in thee there is;
Without, 'tis misery all, and wo.

## HYMN 28. C. M.

1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry,
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean,
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 Behold, for me the victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

## HYMN 29. L. M.

1 MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her source, my spirit flies;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see,
O let thy presence set me free.

2 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will
With thy meek lowliness to fill;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will may mine be lost.

3 And well I know thy tender love,
Thou never canst unfaithful prove;

And well I know thou stand'st by me,
Pleas'd from myself to set me free.

4 Still will I watch, and labour still
To banish every thought of ill;
Till thou, in thy good time, appear,
And sav'st me from the fowler's snare.

5 Already springing hope I feel,
God will destroy the power of hell;
God from a land of wars and pain,
Leads me where peace and safety reign.

6 One only care my soul shall know,
Father, all thy commands to do;
And feel what endless age shall prove,
That thou, my Lord, my God art love.

## *AWAKENING AND INVITING.*

### HYMN 30. C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to his voice
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## HYMN 31. C. M.

1 LOOK unto Him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look and be sav'd through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid;
The Lamb of God was slain:
He thus was once an offering made
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
That you may worship right.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

## HYMN 32. L. M.

1 COME, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My Message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;
Yield to his love's resistless power,
And fight against your God no more.

6 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the time, O come away;
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

## HYMN 33. L. M.

1 AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down;

The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight;
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliverer calls, arise.

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thou broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain;
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

## HYMN 34. C. M.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,

And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of Gospel grace,
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

## HYMN 35. L. M.

1 HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
"Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace, 'tis free for all."

3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 "Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed;
Ye spend your little all in vain.

6 "In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife;
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
I have the words of endless life.

7 "Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.

8 "I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free;
Come, taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.

9 "Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live."

## HYMN 36. L. M.

1 HARK! the Redeemer, from on high,
Sweetly invites his children nigh;
From caves of darkness, and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 "My dove, who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 "Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
My graces in thy count'nance meet;
Though the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

4 Dear Lord, our thankful hearts receive
The hope thine invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.

## HYMN 37. L. M.

1 WHILE by the Christian's couch I stand,
And grasp his cold and feeble hand,
I see the frailty of our race,
I view the fruit of saving grace.

2 With joy th' approach of death he waits,
And eyes by faith the pearly gates;
And wishes oft to launch away
To bask in uncreated day.

3 His thoughts in sweet reflection trace
The beauties of the sacred place,
Where all his large possessions lie,
Beneath a bright and cloudless sky.

4 With quivering lips he's heard to sing,
Thou dreadful monster, where's thy sting?
I shall behold my Saviour's face,
And in his bosom find a place.

5 He longs to reach that happy shore,
Where pains and griefs are felt no more;
Where every frailty disappears,
And nature blooms through endless years.

6 Charm'd by the pleasing prospect near,
He feels no longer doubt or fear;
With joy celestial in his eyes,
He seeks and finds his native skies.

## HYMN 38. S. M.

1 I WANT a change to feel,
A change that God will own;
A change that saves from sin and hell,
In Jesus found alone.

2 Oh! change this heart of stone,
Almighty power divine;
For none but God's free grace alone,
Can such a heart refine.

3 And when this change takes place,
Before thy feet I'll wait,
That I, by thy unchanging grace,
All changing schemes may hate.

4 This change will shew the love
That Jesus bears for me;
This change will lead to joys above,
Where no more change will be.

## HYMN 39. C. M.

1 O COULD I find a humble place,
But near the lowly lamb,

How would my soul extol his grace
And praise his precious name.

2 Lord, draw my heart so near to thee,
While through this world I rove,
That I may every moment be
Transported with thy love.

3 O let me walk with thee, my God,
And find thee always nigh;
Give me to eat immortal food,
That I may never die.

4 I want that grace that may be felt,
That will my soul inflame;
I want this harden'd heart to melt
At my Redeemer's name.

5 I want all self to be subdu'd;
O may my pride be slain,
And may my soul be full renew'd
Through Jesus' precious name.

6 I want my soul bound up in God,
And feel his nature mine,
To feast upon immortal food,
And drink of joys divine.

## HYMN 40. L. M.

1 OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive;
Arise ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'tis given,
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To make us clean he shed his blood,
He clos'd his eyes to show us God;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but Christ such love could show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan;
Where'er I am, Where'er I move,
O may I meet my precious love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

## HYMN 41. C. M.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
To my Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human wo;
Jesus, my heart with love inflame;
I want thy love to know.

## HYMN 42. C. M.

1 O JOYFUL sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness,
To me reach'd out I view;
Conqueror, through him, I soon shall seize
And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see;
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now this house of clay;
He shakes his future home;
O! would'st thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

5 With me, I know, I feel thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart,
A constant paradise.

6 My heart thou waterest from on high,
But make it all a pool;
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

7 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void;
Thou only can'st my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God!

8 Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee.

## HYMN 43. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure words of grace,
Remember Calvary,
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Thou wond'rous advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
Now thou art seated on thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 I own my guilt, I own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;

In all thine own abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken, or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

6 And when I close mine eyes in death,
And creature help all flee,
O thou, my dear Redeemer, God,
I pray remember me.

## HYMN 44. L. M.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the mountains move,
Yet I am nothing without love.

3 Could I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor;
And give my body to the flame,
And have a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

## HYMN 45. C. M.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to death,
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments breathe,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the naked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo.

5 But he that turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin,
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

## HYMN 46. C. M.

1 Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,

Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshipper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him, now, of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bids the sleeper rise;
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, "what must I do
To save my wretched soul?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
This endless misery?

## HYMN 47. C. M.

1 Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

4 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

## HYMN 48. C. M.

1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be sav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin forever die?

2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,

Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive,

3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet!

4 Ah! no: I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

5 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart;
Perform my oft repeated vow,
And render him my heart.

6 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given;
Sure, if with God on earth I live,
To live with Him in heaven.

## HYMN 49. C. M.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word,
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

## HYMN 50. C. M.

1 With glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see;
Will the Redeemer thus be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer thou man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suffering Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,

That I might now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 To view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

## HYMN 51. L. M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

## HYMN 52. C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord recieve,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life, that I might live,
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That kept by mercy's power,
I may from every evil cease,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
E'en now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven;

But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

## HYMN 53. L. M.

1 LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall part from thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O, too often wounds my heart!

3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden sealed to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone.

4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
To thee, my way, to thee, my end.

## HYMN 54. L. M.

1 O GOD, to thee, in flesh reveal'd,
The helpless all for succour came;
The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
And find salvation in thy name.

2 With publicans and harlots I,
In these thy Spirit's Gospel days,
To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distress'd,
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor;
Weary, I come to thee for rest,
And, sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge the foul in-bred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

5 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

6 My heart, which now to thee I give,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

7 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restor'd,
Devote its little all to thee.

## HYMN 55. C. M.

1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word.

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;

That consciousness of love, which feels
Thee precious here below.

3 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The feeling, melting heart;
That I may in thy image live,
And in thy love depart:

4 Then from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
Thy servant take with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

## HYMN 56. S. M.

1 O THAT I could revere
My much offended God;
O that I could but stand in fear
Of thy afflicting rod.

2 If mercy cannot draw,
Thou by thy threatening move;
And keep an abject soul in awe,
That will not yield to love.

3 Show me the naked sword
Impending o'er my head;
O let me tremble at thy word,
And to my ways take heed.

4 With sacred horror fly
From every sinful snare;
Nor ever in my Judge's eye
My Judge's anger dare.

5 Thou great tremendous God,
The conscious awe impart;
The grace be now on me bestow'd,
The tender fleshly heart.

6 For Jesu's sake alone,
The stony heart remove;
And melt at last, O melt me down,
Into the mould of love.

## HYMN 57. C. M.

1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
I humbly seek thy face;
Encourag'd by my Saviour's word
To ask thy pard'ning grace.

2 Entering into my closet, I
The busy world exclude;
In secret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to thee
I solemnly retire;
See thou, who dost in secret see,
And grant my heart's desire.

4 Thy grace I languish to receive,
The Spirit of love and power;
Blameless before thy face to live,
To live and sin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodness feel,
And know my sins forgiven;

And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glorify thy Son,
And grant what I require;
For Jesu's sake the gift send down,
And answer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven ascend;
And now the work of grace begin,
Which shall in glory end.

## HYMN 58. C. M.

1 DEAR Saviour, when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, asham'd, I fall,
And hide this sinful face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile ungrateful heart;
By earth's low cares detain'd, betray'd
From Jesus to depart.

3 From Jesus, who alone can give
True pleasure, peace and rest;
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfied, unblest.

4 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores;
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.

5 O while I breathe to thee my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye.

6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet,
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.

## HYMN 59. S. M.

1 AND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art;
To thee, I look, to thee, my Lord,
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my mind;
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O, my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace;
I know thou canst; pronounce the word
And bid the tempest cease.

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy spirit I implore,

The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

## HYMN 60. C. M.

1 NOW, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy mercies now repeat.
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

2 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorr'd,
I sink beneath my sin;
But if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

3 Lame at the pool I still am found;
Give, and my strength employ;
Light as a hart I then shall bound;
The lame shall leap for joy.

4 Blind, too, I am to all that's good,
And dark is all within;
The love of God I cannot feel,
The sinfulness of sin.

5 But thou, they say, art passing by;
O let me find thee near.
Jesus, in mercy hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear.

## HYMN 61. L. M.

1 GOD of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?
I only live my sins to mourn;
To love my God I only live.

2 To thy benign and saving power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While mark'd with blessings every hour,
Shall speak thy co-extended praise.

3 Be all my added life employ'd
Thine image in my soul to feel;
Fill with thyself the mighty void,
Enlarge my heart to compass thee.

4 O give me, Saviour, give me more;
Thy mercies to my soul reveal;
Alas! I see their endless store;
But, O, I cannot, cannot feel.

5 The blessing of thy love bestow,
For this my cries shall never fail;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
I will not, till my suit prevail.

6 Prepare, and then possess my heart;
O take me, seize me from above;
Thee may I love, for God thou art;
Thee may I feel; for God is love.

## HYMN 62. S. M.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my power engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with zealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assur'd if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

## HYMN 63. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven;
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antidate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd;
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break;

And let our ransom'd spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

## HYMN 64. C. M.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

## HYMN 65. L. M.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great; but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin;
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies;
Relieve my soul or else it dies.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,

'Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

## HYMN 66. C. M.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those who early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What objects, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my tasting choice,
For here true bliss I find.

## HYMN 67. C. M.

1 IN this extreme distress of soul,
How can I but complain;
I can no more my speech control,
No more from tears refrain.

2 Great is my anguish and my grief;
O whither shall I flee?
Far is my soul from all relief,
No help on earth I see.

3 [My spirits and my strength are gone,
And I, from day to day,
Sit quite disconsolate alone,
And sigh my hours away.]

4 O grievous lot! O heavy wo!
Must I this cross sustain,
So long as I a feeling know,
So long as life remain?

5 Why do my sorrows yet increase,
And flow on every side
Why is my soul depriv'd of peace!
Of comfort, why denied?

6 Why am I chasten'd every day?
My nights why spent in pain?
Why should deliverance longer stay,
And all my prayers be vain?

7 O chase this darkness from my mind,
And raise my thoughts above,
That I may full salvation find,
And celebrate thy love.

## HYMN 68. S. M.

1 JESUS, we love thy name,
And thee we will adore;

And when we feel this heavenly flame,
We long to love thee more.

2 Thy name is all our trust;
Thy name is solid peace;
Thy name is everlasting rest,
When other names shall cease.

3 There, ravish'd with thy name,
We never more shall rove;
There sound thine everlasting fame,
And solace in thy love.

4 Thy name shall be our praise;
Thy name shall be our joy;
Thy name through everlasting days,
Shall countless throngs employ.

## HYMN 69. C. M.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Now seated on his throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless praises given;
Who has salvation for us gained,
And raised us up to heaven.

5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
That we might reign with thee.

6 The worlds of nature and of grace,
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

## HYMN 70. L. M.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God it was; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the church's only head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms;
The Word discends, and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Vail'd in such feeble flesh as they.

4 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father in the Son;

How full of truth! how full of grace!
Thus through his flesh the God-head shone.

5 And angels leave their high abode,
Descend to earth good news to tell,
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

## HYMN 71. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er christians shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 "With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King,"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

7 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:

9 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good will to men, to Angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

## HYMN 72. C. M.

1 GREAT God, I own the sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty conqueror shall appear
High on a royal seat;

And death, the last of all our foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
When God shall raise my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong, immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

## HYMN 73. L. M.

1 THE lands that long in darkness laid,
Now have beheld a heavenly light,
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his name or titles be?
"The WONDERFUL, The COUNSELLOR!"

3 This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and and ador'd;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.

4 The government of church and saints
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.

5 He will, as Prophet, teach in love,
And as our Priest, atone above;
Then we will take him as our head;
By him, our King, we will be led.

## HYMN 74. C. M.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death?

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice
Could they but see thy face;
O let me hear thy quickning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

## HYMN 75. C. M.

1 IF God shall let me longer stay,
His precious truths I'll spread;
But if he takes my life away,
I'll praise him, though I'm dead.

2 My soul shall see his glorious face,
With pure celestial eyes;
Be fill'd with all his glorious grace,
Where pleasure never dies.

3 'Tis there we'll drink unmingled joys,
Where all is love and peace;
And feed on food that never cloys,
In worlds of glorious grace.

4 In sweet obediance all shall move,
And render perfect praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

5 Jesus, the God of truth and love,
His promise he'll fulfil;
And we his joyful sons above,
Delight to do his will.

6 Our hidden life we there shall find
With Christ in God the same;
The God in man forever join'd,
And Jesus is his NAME.

## HYMN 76. C. M.

*Longing for eternal rest.*

1 MY soul through various trials toss'd,
What troubles me attend;

My expectations often cross'd,
When will my sorrows end?

2 Troubled myself, and thus cast down,
I upward lift mine eye;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native sky.

3 There the dear Man, my Saviour, sits,
My God, how bright he shines;
And scatters beams of pure delight
On all their happy minds.

4 These happy spirits round him stand,
Then at his feet they fall,
The God-head shining through the Man,
And God is all in all.

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
Who dwell so near their King;
They dwell on Zion's sacred hill,
And lo! for joy they sing.

6 When shall that blessed hour appear
That I shall dwell above,
To sing and shout among them there,
Where all is peace and love?

## HYMN 77. C. M.

*A gracious deliverance.*

1 In my distress I pray'd the Lord,
To hear my mournful cry;
He saw me hoping in his word,
Nor suffered me to die.

2 He rais'd me from the horrid pit,
Near which I trembling lay,
And from my bonds he loos'd my feet,
And pointed out my way.

3 Firm on a rock, he bid me stand,
Then loos'd my stamm'ring tongue,
To praise his strong and mighty hand,
In a new spiritual song.

4 Now will I spread his fame abroad,
That christians love to hear;
Then we'll unite to praise our God,
Rejoice with holy fear.

5 Then speak my Lord; lo! I am here,
Submissive to thy will;
Whate'er thy sacred word declares,
By grace will I fulfil.

6 My ears are open with delight
To hear what thou'll impart;
Thy laws are ever in my sight,
They're written in my heart.

## HYMN 78. C. M.

1 O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising morn.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

## HYMN 79. C. M.

1 HERE in thy presence, gracious Lord,
We've met to seek thy face;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour
To all that's met to day;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And wipe our sins away.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire,
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire,
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let every soul the Saviour feel,
And taste his love divine;
And ev'ry heart forever be
United, Lord, with thine.

## HYMN 80. C. M.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

## HYMN 81. C. M.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the Father reconcil'd,
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be call'd a child,
And kindly welcom'd home.

5 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach; there yet is room.

## HYMN 82. L. M.

1 Come, weary souls, with sin distrest,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

## HYMN 83. L. M.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all my hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save me from eternal wo.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;

Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
(Ordain'd by everlasting love,)
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy spirit, gracious guide,
Direct my steps and cheer my heart.

5 Safe lead me through this world of night,
And bring me to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

## HYMN 84. L. M.

1 THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend;
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and wo
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.

6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

## HYMN 85. L. M.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall thy spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life and light?

3 Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes forever die,
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice

The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice!

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is not this thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8 Let thy kind spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

## HYMN 86. C. M.

1 ETERNAL power, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel's eyes unknown

2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and wo?

4 But oh! to show thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace
To dwell with mortals here!

5 How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

6 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and swell thy praise.

## HYMN 87. C. M.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand,
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard heart no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for submission sue,
His charming voice unheard?

And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barr'd?

4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possess'd;
And crowded crimes that bars the door
Against the heav'nly guest.

5 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,
Thy mighty power display;
One beam of glory from thy face
Can drive these foes away.

6 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

## HYMN 88. C. M.

1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call;
To seek the presence of thy grace
My strength, my life, my all.

2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.

3 In these dark scenes of pain and wo,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind.

4 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for a quick'ning ray,
T' invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

5 The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.

6 Satan and sin unite their art,
To keep me from my Lord:
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.

7 Whene'er the tempting foe alarms,
Or spreads the fatal snare,
I'll fly to my Redeemer's arms,
For safety must be there.

8 My Guardian, my Almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest;
On thee alone my hopes depend;
Be near, and I am blest.

## HYMN 89. C. M.

1 WHO can behold the blazing throne
Where King Emanuel sits;
Who claims creation for his own,
Tho' all beneath his feet?

2 A word from his almighty breath,
Can calm the wind and seas,

He's King of heaven, and Lord of earth,
And doth whate'er he please.

3 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their glittering show;
His gracious eye looks through them all,
And visits man below.

4 With pity views the human race,
In sweet compassion move;
He calls us to accept his grace,
And tells us God is love!

5 O fly to me and be secure
I'll wash away thy sin;
The flaming law will frown no more,
Then you'll have peace within.

6 "Submit to me, and let me reign,
And sway you as I will;
Sick or in health, in ease or in pain,
I'll be your Saviour still."

## HYMN 90. C. M.

1 UNITE, and join your cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
Yet all their joys are one.

2 This is the way the church should strive,
In harmony below;
As members of one body live,
One Lord and Master know.

3 Worthy the Lamb, the angels cry,
To be exalted thus;
Amen, amen, the saints reply,
For he was slain for us.

4 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
Yea more than heaven and earth can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

5 Assist us, all above the sky,
On earth and on the seas;
Unite, and raise his honours high,
In hymns of endless praise.

6 Let christians all unite in one,
T' extol that sacred name;
The Lord Jehovah on his throne,
Is God in Christ the Lamb.

## HYMN 91. C. M.

1 JESUS, with all the bless'd above,
I beg to bear some part;
To praise the God of truth and love,
And sing his bleeding heart.

2 Eternal thanks to God on high,
Who bought me with his blood;
I was the wretch condemn'd to die,
But in the gap he stood.

3 That heavenly Friend, who rescu'd me
From Satan's grievous chains,
To him eternal glory be,
While God himself remains.

4 Hosanna to the exalted Lamb,
Honour and thanks and praise;
My Lord, how precious is thy name,
How glorious is thy grace!

5 From earthly joys call off my love,
And fix my heart aright;
Inspire my soul to things above,
No more to walk by sight.

6 Vain world, I say your suit forbear,
Through grace I you defy;
I rate my precious soul too dear
For all your wealth to buy.

7 Whisper no more within mine ear,
Nor tempt my soul anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with Christ for you!

## HYMN 92. C. M.

1 THERE is a glorious world of light
Where saints and angels reign,
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There one eternal spring abides
And never-withering flowers,
Death like a narrow sea, divides
This glorious world from ours.

3 Beyond this world of grief and wo,
We realize delight;
And when from flesh my soul shall go,
My faith shall end in sight.

4 Shall christians fear, yea start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
Why should we tremble on the brink,
And dread to launch away?

5 O would the Lord these doubts remove,
And make our conscience clear,
Produce in us that perfect love
That casts out every fear.

## HYMN 93. L. M.

1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the former christians went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high way of holiness;
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till lo! I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say behold the way to God.

## HYMN 94. C. M.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Let love and gratitude combine
To hail the expected day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
Which rais'd celestial fire;
Through all the shining host it ran,
On every golden lyre!

3 Swift as a thought the tidings flew,
And loud the echo roll'd:
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
And more than heaven could hold!

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The joyful tidings ran;
Bright angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man!

5 Wrapp'd in the gloomy shades of night,
Lay all the eastern world,
While bursting joys of heavenly light,
The glorious scene unfurl'd!

6 The heavenly host began to shout,
A new redemption song;
Good will to man the world throughout;
Go spread the news along.

7 With joy the chorus we'll repeat
Glory to God on high;
He's now upon his mercy's seat
And lays his thunder by!

## HYMN 95. L. M.

1 KINDLE in me a sacred flame,
That I may glory in thy name;
Thy nature all divine impart,
Revive thy feelings in my heart.

2 May I not yield to mortal love,
And chill these flames that's from above;
But let my eager passions rise
To God in Christ above the skies.

3 Jesus alone do I approve,
The noblest object of my love;
I view my Lord exalted high,
I ask, nor will he me deny.

4 May time nor distance never part
His dear remembrance from my heart,
O love divine, to thee I fly;
If thou withdraw, I pine, I die.

5 As dust to dust doth always tend,
And fire its sparks doth upward send;
My spirit waits to drop this clod,
My life is hid with Christ in God!

## HYMN 96. L. M.

1 I OWN thee, sovereign Lord of all,
Lo! at thy gracious feet I fall;

And when I feel my master's rod,
Then I'll be still; for thou art God!

2 In mercy smile, in mercy smite,
I'll ever own thy judgments right;
Though cross'd and burden'd on my road,
I'll humbly own that thou art God.

3 If thou see best, my comforts slay,
And take my nearest friends away;
Though painful 'tis my master's rod,
I'll own thee still my gracious God.

4 Then be my trials great or small,
My Father sees a need for all;
Yet, may I keep my sacred road,
Be still, and know that thou art God.

5 O never may my soul repine,
If Christ the Saviour still is mine;
Though I go weeping on the road,
I'll bow, and bless the will of God.

6 The land of rest will soon appear,
Though I am born to suffer here,
Let me but reach that bless'd abode,
Then I shall better know my God.

## HYMN 97. C. M.

1 SHOUT to the great redeemer's praise,
Your God in Christ adore;
Rejoice, rejoice ye sons of grace,
Rejoice for evermore.

2 Soon as thy light divine doth show
That saving grace of thine,

The humble sinner then can know
Thy precious blood divine.

3 Then he can say, my Lord my God,
The holy one thou art;
I realize and feel thy blood,
Now sprinkled on my heart.

4 Once I was dead in sin and guilt,
A child of wrath and hell;
But Jesu's blood for me was spilt,
And rais'd me when he fell.

5 Come O my guilty brethren come,
And have your pardon seal'd
Come feel with me what Christ hath done,
As now to us reveal'd.

6 This is a most superior bliss,
My ransom'd soul would fly,
What hath the world to equal this,
Of all beneath the sky?

## HYMN 98. C. M.

1 TEACH me the number of my days,
Thou maker of my frame,
Then I'll survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that I can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his boasted prime!

3 One trouble calls another on,
Till bursting o'er my head;

My evening sun is almost gone,
I'll soon be with the dead!

4 The Lord prepare my soul by grace,
Then come the welcome day,
My mournful hours go on a pace,
Yea, fly without delay!

5 Then shall I feel my heart-strings break,
My lingering moments roll,
A mortal paleness shrouds my face,
But glory in my soul!

6 O, if my master now would speak,
And call his servant home,
How suddenly my soul would leap,
And answer Lord I come?

## HYMN 99. C. M.

1 WHY should a living man complain,
Although distress'd within,
Since all his sorrow grief and pain,
Is but the effect of sin?

2 O may I patiently endure,
Nor ever dare repine;
Grace can effect a perfect cure,
And cleanse my soul from sin.

3 What though ten thousand billows rise,
And dash against my soul,
one trouble to another cries,
And stormy surges roll.

4 Sometimes I hope, and then I fear;
And thus my soul is tost,
Sometimes I'm ready to despair,
And give up all for lost:

5 Yet through those gloomy clouds I look
Up tow'rd my gracious God,
Ah, then I feel the solid rock,
Nor fear the threat'ning flood!

6 One smile from my dear master's face
Can set my heart at ease;
One word from his commanding grace
Can still the boisterous seas.

## HYMN 100. C. M.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I like a tim'rous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

2 Since I have faith in Christ my head,
A refuge for my soul,
Why should my tim'rous spirit dread,
Though threat'ning billows roll?

3 Let sinners dread, who have no God,
The wrath that is to come;
But those who burst th' eternal word
May force their passage home.

4 The ground of all my joy be this,
A conscience pure within,
That in sincere and godly bliss,
My christian life hath been.

5 The Lord Jehovah is my friend,
My shepherd and my guide;
He loves the faithful to the end,
Whose feet do never slide.

## HYMN 101. L. M.

1 Let Zion bear her Masters name,
And let his glory be her aim;
Resolv'd to press through every wo,
And let these earthly pleasures go.

2 The road's prepar'd, we need not stray;
Christ is the truth, the life the way;
The Spirit be our constant guide,
Then Christ will keep us near his side.

3 Along our path the word will shine;
The light it yields is all divine;
His equal laws are just and pure,
His holy statutes right and sure.

4 His mandates tend to give us light,
His judgments yield a pure delight;
He shows on earth our sins forgiv'n,
And intercedes for us in heaven.

5 Then hasten, Lord, that welcome day,
O come, Lord Jesus, come away;
Send down a charriot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love.

## HYMN 102. C. M.

1 OFT have I sat in secret sighs
To see my flesh decay;

And mus'd alone, with watry eyes,
To view my feeble clay.

2 But I correct my sorrows now,
Why should I thus complain?
Afflictions bring their blessings too,
And mix with every pain.

3 I think of death, from day to day,
My soul here waiting sings;
She views her sinking house of clay,
And often moves her wings.

4 Faith almost changes into sight,
While through the glass she spies
Her house eternal, in the light,
Far, far, above the skies.

5 Had but my prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
My soul had lived in darkness long,
And less of glory saw.

6 But now the sacred holy hill
Through all these flaws appear,
And frequent moves of heaven I feel,
Though still a prisoner here!

7 Absent from flesh, illustrious day,
A painful happy stroke,
That rends this tenement of clay,
And breaks my galling yoke.

## HYMN 103. S. M.

1 LORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear;

Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble prayer to bend the knee
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth can make us free;
'Tis from thyself, a heavenly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold
The treasures of thy word.

5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are bless'd with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

## HYMN 104. C. M.

1 O CHARITY, thou heaven-born grace,
All tender, sweet, and kind;
A friend to all the human race,
To all that's good inclin'd.

2 The man of charity extends
To all his liberal hand;
His kindred, neighbours, foes or friends,
His pity may command.

3 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, imprison'd, poor, and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find,
He loves to give relief,

5 But Oh, how mourns his feeling heart,
While men in sin delight,
From Jesus and his laws depart,
And sink in endless night.

6 Fain would he rescue these from wo,
So tender is his mind;
For all he prays, or friend or foe,
For like his Lord he's kind.

## HYMN 105. L. M.

*Wishing to be made free from doubts and sin.*

1 MY soul cries out, O Lord, to thee,
Implores thy grace to favor me;
O hear my prayer and make me clean,
And wash me from my inward sin.

3 Remove those doubts which press me sore,
Nor let thy absence grieve me more;

Let not my burden longer chide,
Nor from my faith thy beauties hide.

3 Drive off those clouds, remove them far,
And quell those lusts that make my war;
Create my sun, and constant shine
On this poor tempted soul of mine.

4 Why should I weep and sigh so long,
And seldom raise to thee my song?
O raise my soul from all below,
And let thy grace within me grow.

5 Help me to praise thy name, O Lord;
In my distress thy love afford;
That I may ever walk with thee,
And from all sin O help me flee.

6 Thy love, thy grace, thy peace bestow,
That I may all thy fullness know,
To make me happy on the way
That leads to life and endless day.

7 While tempests blow, guide me along.
Toward my post, toward the throng
That shines around thy blissful seat,
To walk with them, the golden street.

## HYMN 106. C. M.

1 BACKSLIDERS who your mis'ry feel,
Attend your Saviour's call;
Return, he'll your backslidings heal;
O crown him Lord of all.

2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,
And painful is your thrall,
For broken hearts his blood was spilt;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne
And low before him fall;
He understands the spirit's groan;
O Crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes, he'll not cast out,
Although your faith be small;
His faithfulness you cannot doubt;
Then crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 107. C. M.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyr's of our God,
Who from the altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
To join the everlasting son,
And crown him Lord of all.

## HYMN 108. C. M.

1 I SING a song which doth belong
To all the human race,
Concerning death, which steals the breath,
And blasts the comely face.

2 Come listen all unto my call,
Which I do make to-day,
For you must die as well as I,
And pass from hence away.

3 No human power can stop the hour,
Wherein a mortal dies;
A Cæsar may be great to-day,
Yet death may close his eyes.

4 Though some do strive and do arrive
To riches and renown,
Enjoying health, and swim in wealth,
Yet death will bring them down.

5 Though beauty grace your comely face
With roses white and red,
A dying fall will spoil it all,
For Absalom is dead.

6 Though you acquire the best attire,
Appearing fine and fair,
Yet death will come into the room,
And strip you of them there.

7 For princes high, and beggars die,
And mingle with the dust;
The rich, the brave, the poorest slave,
The wicked and the just.

## HYMN 109. C. M.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear;
It sooths his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
O may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

## HYMN 110. C. M.

1 AMAZING sight! the Saviour stands,
And knocks at ev'ry door,
Ten thousand blessings in his hands,
For to supply the poor.

2 Behold, he saith, I bleed and die,
To bring poor souls to rest;
Hear, sinners, while I'm passing by,
And be forever blest.

3 Will you despise such bleeding love,
And choose the way to hell?
Or in the glorious realms above,
With me forever dwell?

4 Not to condemn your sinking race,
Have I in judgment come;
But to display unbounded grace,
And bring lost sinners home.

5 May I not save your wretched soul
From sin, from death, and hell?
Wounded, or sick, I'll make you whole,
And you with me shall dwell.

6 Say, will you hear my gracious voice,
And have your sins forgiven?
Or will you make a wretched choice,
And bar yourselves from heaven?

7 Will you go down to endless night,
And be forever slain?
Or dwell in everlasting light,
Where I in glory reign?

## HYMN 111. C. M.

1 JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to ev'ry soul,
O thou immortal Dove;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord my God is mine.

4 Here's some that pant, O God, to see
Thy face, and taste thy love;

O speak, and bring us near to thee,
And make our doubts remove.

5 Jesus, inspire each heart and tongue
To learn thy precious name;
Redeeming love shall be our song,
And we thy love proclaim.

## HYMN 112. C. M.

1 HERE in the presence of our God,
We've met to seek thy face;
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace.

2 O may this be a happy hour,
To every mourning soul;
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire
Each stupid soul inflame,
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name.

4 Let every soul the Saviour feel,
And taste his love divine;
And every heart forever be
United, Lord, with thine.

## HYMN 113. C. M.

1 TO thee again, my gracious God,
I lift my heart and eyes;
Thou art my only safe abode,
Thou only just and wise.

2 In thee, for every needful grace,
My drooping soul confides;
Keep me, O Lord, in every place,
Secure on every side.

3 Be thou my guardian ever near;
Thy presence I entreat;
Keep me, O keep me in thy fear,
Uphold my sliding feet.

4 The paths I tread are strew'd with snares,
In mercy take my part;
Let not applauses wound my ears,
Nor censures vex my heart.

5 Lest I should once disgrace thy cause,
Make me, O Lord, to grow
Deaf both to censure and applause,
And dead to all below.

6 I'd seek the honour of thy name,
And leave my own to die;
Help me to sink with humble shame,
And raise thy praises high.

## HYMN 114. S. M.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;

'Tis paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Not earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul.

## HYMN 115. C. M.

1 THOU art acquainted with my heart,
O thou omniscient God;
Thou know'st my every wand'ring thought,
What devious paths I've trod.

2 O 'tis in vain for me to try
My num'rous thoughts to screen;
No sin escapes thy searching eye,
Unnoticed or unseen.

3 Then let me call my follies o'er,
And mourn before the Lord,
That I have liv'd to him no more,
No more obey'd his word.

4 Lord, smite the flinty rock within,
And let my sorrow flow;
And whilst I mourn and hate my sin,
Do thou thy mercy show.

5 O bring a pardon to my hand,
A pardon bought with blood;
And may I never more offend,
Nor sin against my God.

## HYMN 116. S. M.

1 I AM, saith Christ, the way,
Now if we credit him,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith Christ, the truth:
Then all that lack this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith Christ, the life:
Let this be seen by faith,

It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what these words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply,
The simplest christian shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

## HYMN 117. L. M.

1 HAIL, heavenly love, that first began
The scheme to rescue wretched man;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the gospel of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But lo! th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty love arrests the man!"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 God's glorious justice stood in view,
To Sinia's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried, with frowning face,
'This mountain is no hiding place.

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy for my soul appear'd,
Which led me on a pleasant pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole,
No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,
While Jesus is my hiding place.

8 On him our every sin was laid,
He is for us a ransom made;
He now is full of truth and grace,
And is the only hiding place.

9 A few more rolling years at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

## HYMN 118. C. M.

1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;

I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to the saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read—the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

## HYMN 119. L. M.

1 NOW we are met in holy fear,
To hear the happy saints declare
The free compassions of a God,
The virtue of a Saviour's blood.

2 Jesus, assist them now to tell,
What they have felt and now do feel;
O Saviour, help them to express
The wonders of triumphant grace.

3 While to the Church they freely own
What for their souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praise eternal love,
And sing with all the saints above.

## HYMN 120. C. M.

1 HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone;
And all the nations of the world,
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Raise the dear cross on high;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Then shall the glorious gospel fly,
To sound the Saviour forth;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow;

And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

## HYMN 121. C. M.

1 THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
When Zion's light shall come;
She shall arise and shine on high,
Bright as the rising sun.
The east and west their sons resign,
And all creation bend;
The church; the new Jerusalem,
All glorious shall descend.

The King who wears the golden crown,
And holds the flaming bow,
The holy city shall bring down,
And bless his church below.
When Zion's reigning, conquering King,
Shall Satan's works destroy,
The morning stars again will sing,
And Zion shout for joy.

3 The holy, bright musician band
Who play on harps of gold,
In holy order see they stand,
Fair Salem to behold.
Descending on sweet melting strains,
Jehovah they adore,

Such shouts through earth's extensive plains
Were never heard before.

4 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Nor think his time is long;
The saints, though feeble, weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong.
In storms he is their hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
Quite through this weary land.

5 The streams of life will flow from heaven,
And issue from the throne;
The floods of strife away are driven,
The church becomes but one.
That peaceful union we shall know,
And dwell on Jesus' love;
And shout and sing his praise below,
As angels do above.

6 A thousand years shall roll around,
The church shall be complete,
Call'd by the glorious trumpet's sound,
Their Saviour Christ to meet:
They rise with joy and mount on high,
They fly to Jesus' arms,
And gaze with wonder and delight,
On their Redeemer's charms.

7 Like apples fair his beauties are,
To feed and cheer the mind;
No earthly fruit can so recruit,
Nor flaggons full of wine.

Their troubles o'er they grieve no more,
But sing in strains of joy,
In rapture sweet, in bliss complete,
They feast and never cloy.

## HYMN 122. C. M.

1 THE world from Christians are apart;
But shall it e'er be said,
'Mong those whom God hath join'd in heart
Are separations made.

2 They're all of one eternal band,
And with one Father blest;
All led by the Redeemer's hand,
To the same joy and rest.

3 Why then should circumstantials mar
That union so divine?
Or non-essentials ever bar
Those whom they cannot join?

4 No forms or tenets can unite,
Or bring the soul to heaven;
Then for them let no christian fight
Where God has all forgiven.

5 O God subdue those cruel jars,
With thy cementing grace;
Nor let the devil hold up bars
Among the heaven-born race.

6 O give us that transforming flame
Of the immortal Dove,

That those who bear the living name
May all contend for love.

## HYMN 123. C. M.

1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

CHORUS.

O glory halleluia, praise ye my God;
O glory halleluia, love and serve the Lord!

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

3 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see a triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious morn shall rise,
And all thine armies shine,

With robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

## HYMN 124. L. M.

1 WHEN converts first begin to sing,
Their happy souls are on the wing;
Their theme is all redeeming love;
Fain would they be with Christ above.

2 With admiration they behold
The love of Christ, that can't be told;
They view themselves upon the shore,
And think the battle all is o'er.

3 They are themselves quite free from pain,
And think their enemies are slain;
They make no doubt but all is well,
And Satan is cast down to hell.

4 They wonder why old saints don't sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
Ring with melodious joyful sound,
Because a prodigal is found.

5 But 'tis not long before they feel
Their feeble souls begin to reel;
They think their former hopes are vain,
For they are bound in Satan's chain.

6 The morning that did shine so bright;
Is turned to the shades of night;
Their hearts, that did with music sing,
Are now untun'd in every string.

7 Oh! foolish child, why didst thou boast
In the enlargement of thy coast;
Why didst thou think to fly away,
Before thou leav'st this feeble clay?

8 Come take up arms and face the field,
Come, gird on harness, sword, and shield;
Stand fast in faith, fight for your King,
And soon the vict'ry you shall win.

9 When Satan comes to tempt your minds,
Then meet him with these blessed lines;
For Christ, our Lord, has swept the field,
And we're determined not to yield.

## HYMN 125. C. M.

1 WE'VE met, dear friends, in Jesus' name;
Come let us now rejoice,
While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
With cheerful heart and voice,

2 But O, dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
Send down the heavenly Dove;
Thy blessings now diffuse abroad,
And warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain, dear Saviour, here we meet,
Except thy face we see;
Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shows a heavenly dawn,
When there with thee we dwell;

But when thy presence is withdrawn,
A palace proves a cell.

5 Then O, dear Jesus, condescend
To meet us with a smile;
Thy Spirit's quick'ning influence send,
And purge our hearts from guile.

6 That at the close each one may say,
"We met not here in vain;
"For we have tasted heaven to-day,
"Nor could we more contain."

## HYMN 126. C. M.

1 JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Does thy salvation flow:
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart has room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is Almighty love;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise
Half equal to his love,
The heavens would ring while we should sing,
Through all the courts above.

## HYMN 127. L. M.

1 THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth do always meet,
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets a sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark! don't you hear the heavenly call!
It soundeth loud, it is to all;—
To high and low, to bond and free,
That none may say, 'tis not for me.

4 "Ho! every one that thirsts," he cries,
"Here's wine and milk, and large supplies,
Come now to me, and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whosoever will.

5 "Come now, receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away,

To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

## HYMN 128. L. M.

1 SINNERS, arise, the Saviour's come,
And bleeds for wretched souls like you;
His mercy calls the rebels home,
Forgives their sins, and loves them too.

2 Come to the feast without delay,
Before the gospel call is o'er:
Embrace the blessed Lord to-day,
Lest he should go and call no more.

3 Ten thousand souls have enter'd in,
And found a feast of love divine;
Come then, poor souls, with all your sins,
And the Redeemer will be thine.

4 Those happy souls who're gone before,
Were once in sin as vile as you;
O doubt the Saviour's love no more,
But come and taste his goodness too.

## HYMN 129. C. M.

1 LET all the learned writers join
To form the church a book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How dull their writings look.

2 Not the most perfect rules they make
Can show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heaven.

3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

## HYMN 130. L. M.

1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient Prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought,
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The Prophet's pen succeeds their breath,
To save their holy words from death.

3 Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;

There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind:
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

## HYMN 131. C. M.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all its dire array,
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see my glorious leader nigh;
My Lord, my Saviour lives;
Before him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left his dazzling throne above,
He met the tyrant's dart,
And (O amazing power of love!)
Receiv'd it in his heart.

4 No more, O grim destroyer boast
Thy universal sway;
To heaven born souls thy sting is lost,
Thy night, the gates of day.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to thee,
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this noble part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust.

6 Till that illustrious morn shall come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend thee to the skies.

7 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.

8 O Let me join the raptur'd lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power and praise,
In everlasting song.

## HYMN 132. L. M.

1 MY Captain sounds th' alarm of war;
Awake! the powers of hell are near;
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'Tis yours to conquer or to die.

2 Rous'd by the animated sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight;

While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

## HYMN 133. L. M.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines through endless days?

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon,
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more adore his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institution will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

## HYMM 134. L. M.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take the cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

## HYMN 135. C. M.

1 LORD, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy lovely face,

To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel the heavenly rays.

2 This Gabriel knows, and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses, the saint, enjoys the same,
And heaven repeats the song.

3 While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy regions fill.

4 Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad;
O 'tis a heaven worth dying for,
To see a smiling God.

5 Shew me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

## HYMN 136. C. M.

1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued stream.

2 Fear not the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 Fear not the want of outward good;
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.

4 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave us in distress;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his trust.

5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

6 You in his wisdom, power and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his power protects,
His grace rewards the just.

## HYMN 137. C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

## HYMN 138. C. M.

1 SING to the Lord in songs divine,
With awe approach the place,
Where we behold his mercy shine,
And oft his goodness trace.

2 Down from above the Saviour comes,
To lead us home to God;
The flesh of Abram's seed assumes,
To ransom us with blood.

3 He dies to conquer and to slay
Old Satan's frightful power,
And at his feet death's trophies lay,
In that illustrious hour.

4 O happy day, when Jesus rose
Triumphant from the grave;
Immortal love and gifts bestows,
His cruel foes to save.

5 We oft have felt his spirit move,
While bow'd beneath his feet;
We here rejoice to feel his love,
And taste his grace so sweet.

5 O may our hearts in raptures rise,
And faith behold the land,
That God prepares above the skies,
Where all the saints shall stand.

## HYMN 139. S. M.

1 O JESUS, precious Lamb,
Look down upon us now,
Inspire our hearts to praise thy name,
While we together bow.

2 Let all declare thy love,
And feel thy grace within;
Prepare us for the realms above,
And wash away our sin.

3 We wait thy presence here
To cheer the fainting mind;
O may thy glory now appear,
To heal the halt and blind.

4 Thy saints would then rejoice,
And mourners find thee good;
While all unite with sacred voice,
And glory in thy blood.

5 O captivate each soul,
And drive our night away;
Receive us where sweet pleasures roll,
In everlasting day.

## HYMN 140. C. M.

1 THY grace, O Lord, creates my heaven,
And gives supreme delight;

That grace which writes my sins forgiven,
And hides them from thy sight.

2 My tongue can ne'er express the love
Which I must owe to thee;
My weighty burden thou didst move,
And sent salvation free.

3 Let angels join my humble lays,
To sound thy fame abroad,
And fill all regions with the praise
Of Jesus Christ, my God.

4 The wond'rous deed which thou hast done,
To pluck my soul from wo,
Through heavenly regions let it run,
And through the earth below.

5 I'll praise thy name whilst I have breath,
And talk thy goodness o'er;
And sing salvation after death,
Upon the heavenly shore.

## HYMN 141. C. M.

1 AMAZING grace (how sweet the sound,)
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

## HYMN 142. C. M.

1 JESUS, we in thy precious name
All thus approach to God;
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture stain'd with blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
We break the hallow'd bread,
Commemorate our dying Lord,
And trust in thee, our head.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,
And make thy nature known;

Affix the sacramental seal,
And stamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive;
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And rightly all believe.

5 The cup of blessing, blest by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy mystic body be,
To cheer each languid heart.

6 The grace which sure salvation brings
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry, starving souls,
The hidden manna give.

## HYMN 143. S. M.

1 JESUS, we thus obey
Thy own and kindest word;
Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er th' Almighty can,
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of his precious name
We here in Christ receive.

## HYMN 144. C. M.

COME, Saviour, let thy tokens prove,
Fitted by heavenly art,
As channels to convey thy love
To ev'ry faithful heart.

2 The living bread sent down from heaven,
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live in thee.

3 Now, Lord, on us thy love bestow,
And let us feast in love,
Till all our souls are fill'd below
With all the life of God.

4 Determin'd nothing else to know
But Jesus crucified,
I will not from my Jesus go,
Or leave his wounded side.

## HYMN 145. C. M.

1 YONDER—amazing sight!—I see
Th' incarnate Son of God,
Expiring on the accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and side;
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth, the darken'd sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud;

And with the amaz'd centurion cry,
"This is the son of God."

4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
May well my hope revive;
If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies;
The sinner sure may live.

5 O that these cords of love divine,
Might draw me, Lord, to thee;
Thou hast my heart, it shall be thine,
Thine it shall ever be.

## HYMN 146. C. M.

1 JESUS! O word divinely sweet!
How charming is the sound!
What joyful news, what heavenly sense
In that dear name is found.

2 Our souls, all guilty and condemn'd,
In hopeless fetters lay;
Our souls, with numerous sins deprav'd,
To death and hell a prey.

3 Jesus, to purge away this guilt,
A willing victim fell,
And on his cross triumphant broke
The bands of death and hell.

4 Our foes were mighty to destroy;
He mighty was to save;
He died, but could not long be held
A pris'ner in the grave.

5 Jesus, who mighty art to save,
Still push thy conquest on;
Extend the triumphs of thy cross,
Where'er the sun has shone.

6 O! Captain of Salvation, make
Thy power and mercy known;
'Till crowds of willing converts come
And worship at thy throne.

## HYMN 147. C. M.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood?
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus, my soul, adoring bends
To love so full, so free;

And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it ever thine.

## HYMN 148. C. M.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Thro' the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come,
Come from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That mil ions more may come;
Nor could the whole assembled world
O'er fill the spacious room.

6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless his glorious name.

## HYMN 149. L. M.

1 LET faith extend her lifted eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice;
Let love increase to ardent flame,
Adore and bless the Saviour's name.

2 Can we with cool affection see,
The pungent thorns, the bloody tree,
The flowing tear, the bloody sweat,
The wounded hands and tortur'd feet?

3 Now turn thine eye and view his side,
The wound is large, both deep and wide;
Behold the stream, the mingled flood,
The cleansing water mix'd with blood.

4 The rock is split, the current flows,
To quench my thirst, and heal my woes;
I'm lost for language to explain
The love of Christ to fallen man.

5 Here at thy cross I'd set and sing
The glories of my suffering King;
With tears of joy I'll spread abroad
Thy wonders, O incarnate God.

6 [Begone for ever, earthly things;
None but my Lord, my God and King,

Arise, my soul, on eagle's wings,
And leave this world, with angels sing.]

## HYMN 150. C. M.

1 THY sacred word will guide our feet
In paths of righteousness;
Confirm our souls in Christ complete,
In faith and holiness.

2 Ten thousand errors all combine
To lead thy flock astray;
But still eternal truth doth shine
On to the perfect day.

3 Lord, bruise the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
Let those who trust thy promises,
For ever shout for joy.

4 Thy precious word, the more its tried
More glorious will appear;
Like gold that's often purified,
Will shine more bright and clear.

5 If now in tears good seed we sow,
Still thus enforce thy law;
And hold the Gospel promise too,
From whence our comforts draw.

6 To fear thy name, and trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
The wise among the human race,
Do best obey thy will.

## *FUNERAL HYMNS.*

### HYMN 151. C. M.

1 HARK! from the tomb a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your tow'rs;
The tall, the wise, the hoary head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

### HYMN 152. S. M.

1 A SOLEMN march we make,
Towards the silent grave,
A journey all must quickly take,
And carnal pleasure leave.

2 O what a striking scene
In this cold grave appears,
A mortal turn'd to dust again,
Quite spun out all his years.

3 And we who now attend,
Must soon resign our breath;
God will the solemn summons send,
By dreadful ghastly death.

4 If I the next should be,
That crumble with the dust,
My soul, what will become of thee?
Hast thou a lot with Christ?

5 Since I attended here,
My moments swiftly glide,
And death upon his wings doth bear,
Like a perpetual tide.

6 Jesus, despised friend,
I'll slight thy love no more;
Dear Saviour, now that spirit send,
Which I so griev'd before.

7 Then I'll perepare to meet,
My Jesus at his bar,
Forever worship at his feet
And sing his praises there.

## HYMN 153. L. M.

1 WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

## HYMN 154. C. M.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms,
Of so divine a death.

## HYMN 155. C. M.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,

How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away,
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're marching to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal States of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy or endless wo,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

## HYMN 156. C. M.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;

My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the glorified saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now tho cross sustain,
And gladly wonder up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.
I suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me
Before my ravished eyes!
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O! what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find my friends again
In that eternal day.

## HYMN 157. C. M.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN 158. C. M.

1 VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thy end is nigh;

Death at the farthest can't be far;
O! think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume,
But, ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel call; to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er you be;
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

## HYMN 159. C. M.

1 MY SOUL, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 Oh! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead,
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead;

3 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.

4 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come;
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

## HYMN 160. C. M.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound "depart?"

3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.

4 What! to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?

5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I cannot taste his love!

## HYMN 161. C. M.

1 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
With transport all divine;
Thy image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Me thinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these lambs," said he,
"And lay them on my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant-souls compose
The family above.

5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will."

## *MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.*

### HYMN 162. C. M.

1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fosteriug hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And thou thy smiles to us will deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of holiness shall shine,
In glory on our head.

6 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

## HYMN 163. C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
Thou art my Father, lend an ear
Unto my feeble cry.

2 O lead me, keep me all this day,
Near thee in perfect peace;
Help me to watch, to watch and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide;
Warn me of every foe and snare;
And keep me near thy side.

4 O guide my heart in truth and love,
While here on earth I stay;
O fix my mind on things above,
And keep me in thy way.

5 Then shall I pass all dangers safe,
And tread the tempter down;
My trust, my hope, and my relief,
Is in thine only Son.

6 Then let my moments smoothly run,
And all my hours be gay;
And let my evening setting sun
Launch me in endless day.

## HYMN 164. S. M.

*Evening.*

1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;

Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death is near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon unrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
'Till morning light appears.

4 And when the morn appears,
With the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy Kingdom rest,
The Kingdom of thy love.

## HYMN 165. S. M.

1 WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe.

3 How beauteous nature now;
How dark and sad before:
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
May Jesus' blood, like early dew,
Wash all our stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.

6 To God and to the Lamb,
Be glory ever given,
While saints shall live to praise his name,
Or Angels dwell in heav'n.

## HYMN 166. C. M.

1 GIVER and guardian of my sleep,
Help me to praise thy name;
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessings of another day
I thankfully receive;
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
Its cruel power suspend,

Till all this strife and war within
In perfect peace shall end.

4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain;
Bow down my soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

5 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.

## HYMN 167. C. M.

*Evening.*

1 LORD, wilt thou hear me when I pray!
May I be ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
Let me converse, though on my bed,
With my own heart and thee.

3 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hands in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

4 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

## HYMN 168. C. M.

*Morning.*

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

## HYMN 169. C. M.

*Morning.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread,
In my defenceless sleep;
Let him have all my waking hours,
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright sun of righteousness, arise,
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark bewilder'd soul
To everlasting day.

## HYMN 170. C. M.

1 GREAT Sovereign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Encompass me around;
But Oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found.

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll?

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee;

And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

## HYMN 171. C. M.

1 NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favors and new joys,
Do a new song require;
'Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hands hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

## HYMN 172. C. M.

1 TO thee, let my first off'ring rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favoring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsaf'd before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray,
Give me to feel the grateful heart,
And without guilt be gay.

4 Be this and every future day,
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

## HYMN 173. C. M.

1 O SAVIOUR, hear me when I pray;
Remember I am thine;
I walk before thee all the day,
And fear, and love thy name.

2 Now let me rest my weary head,
From earthly troubles free;
And when I'm slumb'ring in my bed,
May I be still with thee.

3 This be my evening sacrifice,
As my day's work is done;
Nor let a gloomy cloud arise
On this day's setting sun.

4 Protect me through this lonely night,
Till day appears again;

Then early with the morning light,
I'll praise thy glorious name.

5 I thank thee for my daily food,
A gracious gift is this;
I look to thee for every good,
And hope for future bliss.

## HYMN 174. C. M.

1 WITH thee, great God, the stores of light,
And stores of darkness lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe at night,
And spread'st it round the sky.

2 And when with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes,
Thy power, unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.

3 Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joy of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4 Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we, by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5 To thee, great God, in thankful songs,
Our morning thoughts arise;
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

## HYMN 175. C. M.

1 DID Christ, the holy and the just,
The Lord of earth and skies,
Stoop down to men, who dwell in dust,
That dying souls might rise?

2 The glorious Lord did leave his throne,
His radiant seat on high;
Amazing mercy, love unknown,
To suffer bleed and die.

3 Just as the flaming sword awoke,
To smite the rebel race,
Christ stood between, and took the stroke,
And suffered in their place.

4 What wonders of redemption dwell
In the atoning blood;
Like brands we're pluck'd from death and hell,
And reconcil'd to God.

5 While we our humble homage pay,
Ten thousand thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

6 Had I ten thousand hearts, my King
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues to sing,
I'd join the harmony.

## HYMN 176. S. M.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;

There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else will he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants,
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lords command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

## HYMN 177. C. M.

1 MY God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watched me while I slept,
Or I should ne'er have rose.

2 Now for the mercies of the night,
My humble thanks I pay;
And unto God I dedicate,
The first fruits of the day.

3 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

## HYMN 178. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall sieze my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 (My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word,
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels! how divine!)

4 When grace has purified my heart
Then I shall share a glorious part,

And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

## HYMN 179. S. M.

1 WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day,
Where we may sit and see and hear,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days:
And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

5 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

## HYMN 180. C. M.

1 O GOD when with sweet slumber press'd,
We closed our weary eyes,
Thy pow'r unseen secur'd our rest,
And made us joyful rise.

2 Numbers this night have doubtless met
Their long eternal doom;
And lost the joys of morning light,
In death's tremendous gloom.

3 But life to us its light prolongs,—
Let warmest thanks arise;
Great God, accept our morning songs,
Our willing sacrifice.

## HYMN 181. C. M.

1 GREAT God preserved by thine arm,
I pass'd the shades of night
Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.

2 Oh! let the same almighty care
My wakeful hours defend;
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.

3 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

## HYMN 182. L. M.

1 AS now the shades of night are gone;
And now the morning light is come;
O Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Come drive the shades of sin away:

2 O! fill my soul with heavenly light,
And banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;
Then in thy service, Lord to-day,
Come help me labour, watch and pray.

3 O! keep my haughty passions bound—
Thus save me from my foes around;
While going out and coming in,
O! keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4 And when my work of life is past,
O! God receive me then at last!
There night of sin will be no more,
When I shall reach the heavenly shore.

## HYMN 183. C. M.

1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.

3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;

And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

## HYMN 184. C. M.

*Saturday Evening.*

1 BEGONE, my worldly cares, away,
Nor dare to tempt my sight;
Let me begin th' ensuing day,
Before I end this night.

2 Yes, let the work of prayer and praise
Employ my heart and tongue;
Begin, my soul;—thy Sabbath days
Can never be too long.

3 Let the past mercies of the week
Excite a grateful frame;
Nor let my tongue refuse to speak
Some good of Jesus' name.

4 On wings of expectation borne,
My hopes to heav'n ascend;
I long to welcome in the morn,
With *thee* the day to spend.

## HYMN 185. C. M.

*Sabbath Evening.*

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams;

And yet how slow devotion burns;
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love—
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end;

4 Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
With heavn'ly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

## HYMN 186. L. M.

1 There is a God, who reigns above,
Lord of the heav'n, and earth and seas;
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

2 There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do;
My soul to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just and true.

3 There is a gospel rich in grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;
Lord I repent and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come,
How many younger much than I,
Have pass'd thro' death! to hear their doom.

5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

## HYMN 187. C. M.

1 THE eye of God is every where
To watch the sinners ways;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, gracious Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view!

3 The universe in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

4 Prepare us, Lord, to pray and praise
With fervent holy love;
And fit us by thy word of grace
To worship thee above.

## HYMN 188. C. M.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!

Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view thy strange designs,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Bright seraphs learn Emanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

5 Oh, may I bear some humble part,
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

## HYMN 189. C. M.

1 Indulgent Father, how divine,
How bright thy beauties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare.

2 But in thy nobler works of grace,
What brighter mercy smiles
In our benign Redeemer's face,
And every fear beguiles!

3 Such wonders, Lord, while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.

4 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The dear memorials of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.

4 But oh! how sweet our song shall rise,
When freed from feeble clay,
And all thy glories meet our eyes
In one eternal day!

## HYMN 190. C. M.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord! am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"'
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I *do* believe.

## HYMN 191. C. M.

1 MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.
O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above,
Whence true contentment springs!

2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In ev'ry trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there,
The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
Of sublunary care,

And lie's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

4 Ere first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me;
But thou my shepherd, friend and guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the corner-stone.

5 So comforted, and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All messengers of love;
With silence and submissive awe,
Ador'd a chast'ning God,
Rever'd the terrors of his law,
And humbly kiss'd the rod.

## HYMN 192. S. M.

1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin!
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in;
Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow;
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

## HYMN 193. L. M.

1 LIFT up your hearts Emanuel's friends;
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.

3 O good old way! how sweet thou art,
May none of us, from thee depart,
But may our actions always say,
We're marching in the good old way.

4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout along the good old way.

5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing and shout and pray,
While marching in the good old way.

6 Ye valiant souls for heav'n contend,
Remember Glory's at the end,
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.

7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before,
And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

## HYMN 194. C. M.

1 COME humble sinner in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve.

2 "I'll go to Jesus though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sov'reign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

## *CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.*

### HYMN 195. C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.

2 Give up ourselves through Jesu's power,
His name to glorify;
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow,
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now!

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

## HYMN 196. C. M.

1 ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us each to each restor'd,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And gather'd into one,

To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace through ev'ry vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

4 Ev'n now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesu's name
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!

## HYMN 197. C. M.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!

2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend on ev'ry soul;
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and revives the whole.

3 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

4 These christians all united are,
And hand and hand go on;
To heaven they send a united prayer
And all their joys are one.

## HYMN 198. L. M.

1 MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart.
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more,

My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## HYMN 199. C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-restoring word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness Lord,
Ah, when shall I wake up!

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above to give,
Give me thine only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

## HYMN 200. L. M.

1 WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcast to receive:
Though all my sinfulness I own,
And all my ways to thee are known.

2 Ah! wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
A helpless soul that comes to thee,
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure:
I need, do thou enrich the poor;
Under thy mighty hand I stoop;
O lift the abject sinner up!

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight;
Lord, I am weak, be thou my might:
A helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee!

## HYMN 201. P. M.

### *THE PARTING BLESSING.*

1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing!
Send it down, Lord, from above
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brothren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus, pardon all our folly,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren, farewell, sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

## HYMN 202. L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,

Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unvail my lovely face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
O! send thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

## HYMN 203. C. M.

1 AGAIN for prayer once more we're come,
Once more, O Lord, we meet;
Thanks to thy name there yet is room
To bow beneath thy feet.

2 Our God, our hope, our heavenly friend,
Our Father and our all;
Our first great cause, and last great end,
On thee for help we call.

3 The helpless poor and needy soul,
The tempted and distress'd,
Dear Lord, relieve, support, make whole,
And calm the troubled breast.

4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and prejudice remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

5 The sick, the weak, and those confin'd,
Upon our hearts we bear;
O! may they calmly be resigned,
And thy compassion share.

## HYMN 204. P. M.

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!—
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

## HYMN 205. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

## *DOXOLOGIES.*

### C. M.

Now let the Father, in the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known
Or saints to love the Lord.

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, in the Son,
And blessed spirit too.

L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

## SONG 1. P. M.

1 COME ye sinners, poor and needy
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heaven laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

## SONG 2. Eight lines.

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker, asks you, why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you, why?

God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, his Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, you blood-bought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

4 Dead already, dead within,
Spiritu'lly dead thus in sin:
Dead to God, while here you breathe;
Pant you after second death?
Will you still in sin remain,
Greedy of eternal pain?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

## SONG 3.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jesus our great high priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

## SONG 4.

1 THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I show;
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;
O come to my Saviour, his grace is for all.

3 To save what was lost, from heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name:
He offers you pardon; He bids you be free;
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me."

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you;
The publican's friend, and advocate to:
For you he is pleading his merits and death;
With God interceding for sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit, his grace to receive;
Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe;
We all are forgiven, for Jesus's sake:
Our title to heaven, his merits we take.

## SONG 5. Six lines, eights.

1 SEE, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find.
His thoughts, and words, and actions prove,
His life and death, that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sin of all the world away;
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay;
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with us, in flesh has been.

3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures home:
All the day long spreads out his hands;
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in his breast;
Believe and he will give you rest.

4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt,
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in no wise cast him out,
That comes a mourner unto me;
I will myself to none deny,
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

## SONG 6. Tens and elevens.

1 YE thirsty for God, to Jesus give ear,
And take through his blood, a power draw near;
His kind invitation, ye sinners, embrace,
Accepting salvation, salvation by grace.

2 Sent down from above, who governs the skies
In accents of love, to sinners he cries,
"Drink into my spirit, who happy would be,
And all things inherit, by coming to me."

3 O Saviour of all, thy word we believe,
And come at thy call, thy grace to receive:
The blessing is given wherever thou art:
The earnest of heaven is love in the heart.

4 To us at thy feet the Comforter give,
Who gasp to admit thy Spirit and live;
The weakest believers acknowledge for thine,
And fill us with rivers of water divine.

## SONG 7.

1 LAMB of God for sinners slain,
To thee I humbly pray;
Heal me of my grief and pain,
O take my sins away.
From this bondage, Lord, release;
No longer let me be opprest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And let me feel thy rest.

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,
Who humbly comes to thee?
No, my God, I cannot doubt,
Thy mercy is for me.
Let me then obtain thy grace,
And be of paradise possest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And let me feel thy rest.

3 Worldly good I do not want;
Be that to others given:
Only for thy love I pant;
My all in earth or heaven;

This the crown I fain would seize,
The good wherewith I would be blest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And let me feel thy rest.

4 This delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my breath,
Join the happy few whose love
Was mightier than death.
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be his guest:
Jesus, master, seal my peace,
And take me to thy rest.

## SONG 8. Six lines.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy every creature needs;
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry:
To thee I look, my heart prepare;
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since, by thy light, myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of thee;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing what my lips would say:
Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill;

Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Fain would I all my vileness own,
And deep beneath the burden groan;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal;
Ah! give me, Lord, (I still would say,)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

## SONG 9.

1 JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given,
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest;
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I cannot, no, will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd
On all that hunger after thee?

I hunger now, I thirst for God;
See the poor fainting sinner, see;
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

4 Ah! Lord, if thou art in that sigh,
Then hear thyself within me pray,
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
Mark what my lab'ring soul would say:
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
And show that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;
Light in thy light, I then shall see;
Say to my soul, "thy light is come,
Glory divine is risen on thee;
Thy warfare 's past, thy mourning's o'er;
Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,
And trust thou wilt not long delay;
Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,
Upon thy word myself I stay;
Into thy hands my all resign,
And wait till all thou art is mine.

## SONG 10.

1 COME, holy celestial Dove,
And visit a sorrowful breast;
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest.
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner, o'erwhelm'd with his load;

The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.

2 With me if thou ever hast strove,
And strangely withheld me from sin,
And tried, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win;
The work of thy mercy revive;
Thy uttermost mercy exert;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

3 Thy call if ever I have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee;
Fulfil the imperfect desire;
Thy peace to my conscience reveal;
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.

4 If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd:
Most pitiful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again, and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and suffer no more.

## SONG 11.

1 WHEN my relief will most display
Thy glory in thy creature's good,

Then, Jesus, take the veil away,
Sprinkle me with th' atoning blood;
The power of living faith impart,
And breathe thy love into my heart.

2 Jesus, the promis'd help supply;
Support the feeble, fainting mind;
Nor let me from thy presence fly,
But seek till I acceptance find:
But ask till I am sav'd from sin,
And knock till mercy takes me in.

## SONG 12. *Wrestling Jacob.*

1 COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee.
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there,
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long;
I rise superior to my pain;
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

SECOND PART.

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

7 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou died'st for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

8 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art;
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:

Thy mercies never shall remove:
Thy nature and thy name is love.

## SONG 13.

1 SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up;
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And given me back my hope:
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving-kindness show;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

2 By me, O my Saviour, stand
In sore temptation's hour;
Save me with thine out-stretched hand,
And show forth all thy power;
O be mindful of thy word;
Thy all sufficient grace bestow;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

3 Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart;
That I may from evil near
With timely care depart;
Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

4 Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray;

Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way;
My exceeding great reward,
In heaven above and earth below:
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

5 Never let me go, till I,
Upborne on wings of love,
Gain the region of the sky,
And take my seat above;
See thee by all heaven ador'd,
And all thy glorious fullness know;
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

## SONG 14.

1 HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more,

Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat,
My soul mounted higher
In a charriot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood:
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

## SONG 15.

1 COME, brethren, and rejoice with me,
For Jesus Christ hath made me free
From that which did defile my heart,
And made me from my God depart.
When I by faith embraced him,
He fill'd my soul up to the brim
With streams of Grace and love divine,
Which proves the promises are mine.
How good it is, how sweet to me,
O that mankind would all be free.

2 I was much plagu'd with outward sin,
But more with that which dwelt within;
Which always barr'd my Saviour out,
And kept me in distressing doubt.
But all my fears are driven away
By brilliancy of Gospel day;
Which shines so clear, I must believe
That I do in my Saviour live
A life of love, a heaven below;
I've not a doubt; I feel it so.

3 If more you wish to know of me,
I'm happy now, and wish to be,
While in the flesh I do remain,
Till I return to God again;
Yes, I do feel his love most sweet,
When I'm like Mary at his feet,
And claim a portion of his love,
That lifts my heart to things above;
He gives to me a heavenly flame,
Which makes me praise his holy name.

4 How grateful then ought I to prove,
For the sweet tokens of his love,
Which cheers my heart and makes me whole,
And stamps his image on my soul.
A debtor great I surely be,
To him whose power hath saved me.
A heaven of love he hath bestowed,
Which stays my mind on him, my God:
And what doth much increase the store,
When I thank him he gives me more.

5 A happy soul, indeed, am I;
My mind is fix'd above thy sky,
On things divine at God's right hand,
Where I shall see the Saviour stand;
Who pleads my cause in courts above,
And gives to me his heavenly love,
To fit me for that blessed place,
Where I'll enjoy his fullest grace.
What holy joy, what heavenly bliss,
To dwell where loving Jesus is.

6 Come, brethren dear, whose joys abound
By hearing precious gospel sound;
Cheer up, dear hearts, and strong believe
In Christ, who died that we might live;
Although your race is not quite run,
You feel that heaven is now begun;
Then let us raise a holy song,
And praise him as we pass along
To joys above, where we shall be
Happy in vast eternity.

## SONG 16.

1 SAW ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God!
Oh! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.
Oh he died, &c.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
Oh! he bow'd his head and died,
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
Oh! he bow'd, &c.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain;
Oh! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-Man.
Oh! the solid, &c.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the world;
Oh! the sun refused to shine,
When his majesty divine
Was derided, insulted, and slain.
Oh! the sun, &c.

5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
From the cross of blood and sweat.

And in a new sepulchre was laid.
He was taken, &c.

6 Hail mighty Saviour! hail mighty Saviour!
Father and God of all peace;
Oh! he burst the bands of death,
When triumphant from the earth
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
Oh! he burst, &c.

7 Now interceding, now interceding,
Pleading that sinners might live;
Crying, "Father I have died,
Oh! behold my hands and side,
And forgive them, I pray thee, forgive."
Crying Father, &c.

8 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
When they repent and believe.
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And Salvation they all shall receive.
Let them now, &c.

## SONG 17.

1 DROOPING souls, no longer grieve,
Christ to you is gracious;
If on him you do believe,
You shall find him precious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him;
He has died for you and I,
Now look up and view him.

2 From his feet, his hands, his side,
Runs the healing lotion,
See the consolating tide,
Boundless as the ocean;
See the living waters move
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish praying.

3 Grace's store is always free
Drooping souls to gladden;
Jesus says, come unto me,
Ye weary heavy laden;
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Christ rely,
All will be forgiven.

4 Now, methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will praise him:
Yes, I see the Saviour smile,
Smiling moves my burden;
All is grace, but I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy, how it pours,
Now I think I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
But I want to tell it.
Jesus' blood has heal'd my wounds,
O! the wond'rous story,
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! glory! glory!

## SONG 18.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes shall rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare have ye seen
The star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flock he has gone?

5 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odours around;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

6 The roses of sharon, the lillies that grow
In the vales, on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks does the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

7 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet!
The air is perfum'd with his breath.

8 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

9 Love sits on his eye-lids, and scatters delight
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims veil in his sight,
And praise him with fullness of joy.

10 He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

## SONG 19.

1 YE souls who are now bound for heaven,
Oh! come join in and help me to sing
An anthem of praise unto Jesus,
My Prophet, my Priest and my King.
These notes are so soft and melodious,
They'll help you most sweetly to sing,
When Jesus himself is the leader,
Who draws you with cords of his love.

2 When Jesus beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto death,

He brought me my sins to discover,
Then cleansed my soul of its stain.
How sweet were the accents of pardon,
How quickly my sins did remove,
When I could behold the sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner should love.

3 And now I am pressing for Canaan,
Though Jordan is rolling before,
Which causes me almost to tremble
To hear how its billows do roar.
But Jesus can calm the dread ocean,
And cause its loud roaring to cease;
If faith, hope and love are in motion,
I'll walk through the valley in peace.

4 His rod and his staff shall console me;
His shepherd-like voice I shall hear;
Then why should its raging affright me,
Since Jesus will be with me there?
On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,
To join the bright spirits above;
There ever to praise and adore him,
Who brought me to feast on his love.

5 O christians, I feel myself happy
In anticipating this joy;
We shortly in love will be feasting,
Which never can, never can cloy.
O sinners, it grieves me to leave you;
Once more I entreat you to go;
O hasten and fly unto Jesus,
The gospel 's inviting you now.

6 Dear mourners, I view your condition
With pleasure that 's mixed with pain;
You are sick, but a gracious Physician
Has bid you to trust in his name.
Of seeking pray do not be weary;
Though dead, he can make you revive;
The means of your cure are quite easy;
When ready, but look and you'll live.

7 Take courage, you conquering soldiers,
Death shortly will sound a retreat,
And then all your arms will be grounded
At Jesus, your general's feet.
Eternity then will be ringing
Salvation to God and the Lamb;
O christians, I long to be singing
With angels the praise of his name.

## SONG 20.

1 THE trumpet now is sounding, and calling
for more volunteers;
The armies are in motion, behold in front
their officers;
Shout O Glory! the work is now begun;
And we'll all shout glory! whilst the work is
going on.

2 I want to love my Saviour, I can't endure to
live lukewarm,
Though many people blame me, who trust
in creeds and forms.
Shout O glory, &c.

3 My heart is all on fire, I feel my Saviour in my soul;
I feel heaven 's drawing nigher, I feel the living waters roll.
Shout O glory! I love to praise the Lord,
And we'll all shout glory! whilst we hear the gospel word.

4 I love to be rejoicing, I feel the Saviour in my soul;
I pity those poor creatures who persecute the sons of God.
Shout O Glory! the battle is begun,
And we'll all shout glory! whilst the Israelites go on.

5 Farewell to old companions, I know you hate the sons of grace;
While we are praying for you, you grumble like the pharisee.
Shout O glory! I long to be at home,
And we'll all shout glory! till we meet around the throne.

6 The time is fast approaching when all religion will be tried,
When Jesus with rich jewels will ornament his bride.
Shout O glory! there's millions round the throne,
Who are all shouting glory! hallelujah to the Lamb.

7 I feel the flame is rising, I want the pinions
of a dove;
My heart is realizing the wonders of redeem-
ing love.
Shout O glory! for glory's in my soul,
And I will shout glory! while the currents
roll.

8 The current is a spreading and sinners com-
ing home to God;
The mourners are a pleading and finding par-
don in his blood.
Shout O glory, the song shall never end;
And we'll all shout glory! to the sinner's
dearest friend.

## SONG 21.

1 WELCOME, my brethren dear,
Since we've again met here
For to tell what we've felt since here last;
Among the rest I rise,
Being bound for the skies,
For to tell through what conflicts I've past.

2 Satan has tried his force,
For to stop up my course
And direct me in some other way;
The wicked strive in vain
My affections to gain,
And once more for to get me astray.

3 My friends have tried their schems,
Once more to make me dream
About happiness here upon earth;

But I've glory in my view,
And my journey I'll pursue,
And I will travel on until death.

4 Many times I do sigh,
And often weep and cry
About troubles of various kinds;
But blessed be the Lord,
I am told in his word,
That an end to my troubles I'll find.

5 Then we'll sing of Moses' song,
As we do march along,
And the gates of the city pass through;
We'll have palms in our hands,
And crowns upon our heads,
And a white robe of righteousness too.

6 But for you I must stay
Until that happy day
When Jesus shall bid me to come;
Then away through the skies
My glad soul shall arise,
And forever continue at home.

7 There we shall be at rest,
Being perfectly blest,
And sing with the angels above;
There we shall see the King,
Who hath learnt us to sing,
And has fill'd us with fulness of love.

8 Sing on, O Christians, sing,
Make all the arches ring
With praises by none here surpast;

There every tuned string
Shall be praising our King
As long as eternity lasts.

## SONG 22.

1 MY soul's full of glory, inspiring my tongue.
Could I meet with angels, I'd sing them a song;
I'd sing of my Jesus, and tell of his charms,
And beg them to bear me to his loving arms.

2 Methinks they're descending to hear while I sing,
Well pleas'd to hear mortals thus praising their King;
O Angels, O angels, my soul's in a flame,
I sink in sweet raptures at Jesus' name.

3 O Jesus, my Saviour, thou balm of my soul,
'Twas thee my Redeemer, that made my heart whole;
O bring me to view thee, thou precious sweet King,
In oceans of glory thy praises to sing.

4 O heaven, sweet heaven, I long to be there,
To meet all my brethren, and Jesus more dear;
Come angels, come angels, I'm ready to fly,
With a flaming bright convoy to God in the sky.

5 Sweet spirits attend me till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me till I am call'd home;

Though worms my poor body may claim as
their prey,
It will outshine, when rising, the sun at noon
day.

6 The sun shall be darken'd, the moon turned
to blood,
The world all on fire by the vengeance of
God,
The lightnings a blazing, while thunders do
roar,
All this cannot daunt me on Canaan's sweet
shore.

7 The thoughts of bright glory, o'erpowers my
glad soul,
I sink in sweet visions to view the bless'd
goal;
My soul, while I'm singing, is leaping to go;
This moment for heaven I'd leave all below.

8 Farewell, my dear brethren, my Lord bids
me come,
Farewell, my dear children, I'm now going
home;
Kind angels are whisp'ring so sweet in my
ear,
Away to my Saviour my spirit they'll bear.

9 I'm going, I'm going;—but what do I see!
'Tis Jesus in glory appears unto me;
To heaven, to heaven, I'm going, I am gone:
O glory, O glory, it is done, it is done!

## SONG 23.

WHILE my Saviour, my Shepherd is near,
How quickly my sorrows depart;
New beauties around me appear,
New vigor enlivens my heart.
His presence gives peace to my soul,
And Satan assaults me in vain;
While my Shepherd his power controls,
I think I no more shall complain.

2 But, alas! what a change do I find
When my Shepherd withdraws from my sight;
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is soon changed into night;
Then Satan his effort renews,
To vex and ensnare me again;
All my pleasing enjoyments I lose,
Can only lament and complain.

3 By these changes I often pass through,
I'm taught my own weakness to know,
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
How much to his mercy I owe.
It is he supports me through all;
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends to my prayer when I call,
And bids me no more to complain.

4 O why should I murmur and grieve,
When Jesus is always the same?
He promises never to leave
The soul that confides in his name.

To relieve me from all that I fear
He was buffeted, tempted and slain;
And at length he will surely appear;
Ah! then, I no more shall complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always at peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And shortly my warfare will cease:
For soon he will bid me remove
From this region of sorrow and pain,
To abide in his presence above,
And then I no more shall complain.

## SONG 24.

1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my mind,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture;
I dive in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory;
I feel the Saviour in my soul,
And groan to tell my story.

2 I feast on honey, milk and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness;
Mount Zion's glory through me shines,
While Christ unfolds his greatness;
No mortal tongue can speak my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.

3 My captivated spirits fly
Through shining worlds of beauty;
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry
In praises high and mighty:
And here I'll sing and swell the strains
Of harmony delighted,
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.

4 The bliss that rolls through those above,
The souls in glory seated,
Which causes them to sing so loud,
Ten thousand times repeated;
Dart through my soul in radiant flames,
Constraining loudest praises,
O'erwhelming all my powers with joy
Till all within me blazes.

When earth and seas shall all decline,
And all their glory perish,
When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
And stars at midnight languish;
My joys refin'd shall higher rise,
Mount up in radiant glory,
And tell to all above the skies,
Love's all-immortal story.

## SONG 25.

1 HARK! don't you hear the turtle dove,
The tokens of redeeming love?
From hill to hill we hear the sound,
The neighb'ring valleys echo round.
O Zion, hear the turtle dove,
The tokens of your Saviour's love;

They come the barren lands to cheer,
And welcome in the Jubile year.

2 The winter's past, the rain is o'er,
We feel the chilling winds no more;
The spring is come, and summer too,
All things appear divinely new.
On Zion's mount the watchmen cry,
The resurrection's drawing nigh;
Behold the nations from abroad
Are flocking to the mount of God.

3 The trumpet sounds both far and nigh;
O sinners, turn; why will you die?
How can you stand the gospel charms!
Enlist with Christ, gird on your arms.
These are the days that were foretold,
In ancient times, by prophets old;
They long'd to see this glorious light,
But they have died without the sight.

4 The latter days have now come on,
And fugitives are flocking home;
Behold them crowd the gospel road,
All pressing for the mount of God.
O yes, and I will join that band;
O, here's my heart and here's my hand,
With Satan's band no more to be,
But fight for Christ and liberty.

5 His banner soon will be unfurl'd,
Then he will come to judge the world;
On Zion's mount we all shall stand,
Surrounded by fair Canaan's land;

The sun and moon shall darken'd be,
And flames consume both land and sea,
When worlds on worlds together blaze,
We'll shout the great Redeemers praise.

## SONG 26.

1 LIFT up your heads ye gates,
Your golden hinges move;
The King of glory waits—
Admit the God of love;
Your everlasting arches raise,
And, as he enters, shout his praise.

2 Who is this glorious King,
Who at the portal stands?
What title does he bring,
That he access demands?
Jehovah's name in battle strong,
Demands access, inspires the song.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates;
Ye heavens, expand your doors;
The King of glory waits
To spread your golden floors
With spoils, thro' death and darkness borne,
With trophies from destruction torn.

4 Who is this glorious King?
The Lord that built the skies:
His praise the seraphs sing,
The holy, just, and wise:
Creation rose at his command,
Redemption owns his sovereign hand.

5 The powers of hell oppos'd,
While he in conflict bled;
And death's strong bars were clos'd
Round his expiring head:
But death and hell posses'd no power
To hold him past th' appointed hour.

6 The hour appointed came,
The God put off the clay;
And like a rapid flame,
Burst through them all his way:
A way so wide, so unconfin'd,
That all who will may march behind.

7 Lift your immortal heads,
Your Lord's from conquest come;
On death and sin he treads;
Let heaven prepare him room:
A sheaf of glory's harvest-ears
The victor in his charriot bears.

## SONG 27. P. M.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled!

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale or abounding in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength ever be.

3 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
For I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flames shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 Even down to old age all my people shall
prove,
Impartial, eternal, unbounded my love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples a-
dorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

## SONG 28. P. M.

1 OF death, the destroyer, dark shadow's
dread king,

The terror of mortals, we fearless will sing;
Secure in our Saviour, his darts we defy;
For in Jesus we live, though by death we must die.
Then, dear christians below,
Fear not death as a foe,
For he leads us to life, and relieves us from wo.

2 Here, with sickness afflicted, by sorrow oppprest,
With temptation surrounded, our souls find no rest;
Till by faith we know Jesus, then grateful we see,
That our pain leads to pleasure, when death makes us free.
Why, then, Christians below,
Fear death as a foe,
When he leads them to joy, and relieves them from wo?

3 Were we in some large spacious city immur'd,
With walls high surrounded, by darkness obscur'd;
Should we grieve and lament if those walls were thrown down,
Though life, light and joy, should our liberties crown?
Then, dear christians below,
Fear not death as a foe,
For he leads us to life, and relieves us from wo.

4 How few are there living, who age have attain'd,
Whom death of some relative dear has not pain'd?
But if christian believers, we need not deplore,
For death will unite us, to part never more.
Then, dear christians below,
Can you think death a foe,
When he leads us to bliss and relieves us from wo?

5 Not only our friend, lov'd and lost, shall we meet,
But angels rejoicing our coming will greet;
With all those great good men, in history shown,
We shall see and converse then, and know as we're known.
Then, dear christians below,
Fear not death as a foe,
For he leads us to life, and relieves us from wo.

6 Here, darkly we see, and imperfectly know,
There our Saviour his transcendent glory will show;
Let us live, then, in love, that we dying may sing,
"O grave! where's thy victory? death! where's thy sting?"
Come, then, christians below;
Dread not death as a foe,
Since he leads us to life, and relieves us from wo.

## SONG 29.

1 HARKEN, ye sprightly, and attend ye vain ones;
Pause in your mirth; adversity consider;
Learn from a friend's pen, sentimental painful
Sick-bed reflection.

2 Healthful and gay, like you, I spent my moments,
Boldly my heart said joy should last forever;
But I'd forgotten man has no enjoyment,
But by permission.

3 Sudden and awful, from the height of pleasure,
By pain and sickness, thrown upon this down bed;
Vain is its softness, to assuage the pain of
Raging disorder.

4 Kindest attention, of my friends most humane,
With the profound skill of a kind physician;
All still are baffled, while distressing anguish
Tortures my whole frame.

5 Vain are my groanings, all complaints are fruitless,
Changing my place cannot abate my fever;
Here, like a reptile on a bed of embers
Turning I languish.

6 Hopes of recovery, my fond heart indulged,
Till my physician, to my great amazement,
Kindly informed me that my case was desp'rate,
Death swift approaching.

7 Wonders on Wonders, to my view now open,
Life is receding, to the grave I'm hast'ning;
Am I prepared? This dread moment must I
Meet my Creator?

8 Twenty-five years I've spent without considering
Man was a mortal pendent on a moment;
Life but a shadow, time a flying arrow,
Quick to dispel it.

9 Oft have I listen'd, while death-bells were tolling,
Seen the graves open'd with spectators mourning;
But was myself, in spite of all these warnings,
Long life expecting.

10 Counsel I've slighted, warnings I've neglected;
In my gay moments, thoughts of death I banished;
When grown grey headed, I have oft resolved,
Death to prepare for.

11 Time in advance, to me seem'd moving slowly,
Days without number, I propos'd for pleasure;
But they are blasted—now behold the end of
Procrastination.

12 Tortur'd in body, not a limb escapes it,
No sweet composure, to direct one prayer;
All is disorder'd, yet my state eternal,
Now is depending.

13 Oh! ghastly death! pray stop one single moment,
While I give warning to my gay companions;
No time is granted for expostulation.
Shun my example.

## SONG 30.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair;
Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound.
While all th' adoring throngs around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry listning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

5 Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermil bloom,
And waft its spoils a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

6 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

## SONG 31. L. M.

1 O GOD my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice;
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring;
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.

2 O Jesus, hope of glory, come
And make my heart thy humble home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I long to sing and shout thy praise;
Lord give me now a heart to pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
For to give thanks in every thing,
To sing and shout, and shout and sing.

3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray,

And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death;
Then sisters, brothers shouting come;
My body follow to the tomb:
And as you march that solemn road,
Sing loud and shout the praise of God.

4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,
Until that great and solemn day,
When Christ shall call our slumb'ring clay:
Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout, O death where is thy sting?
O grave where is thy victory?
We'll shout in vast eternity.

5 Our race is run, we've gained the prize,
Then will the ruler of the skies,
With smiling to his children say,
Come reign with me in endless day:
Then on that happy, happy shore
We'll sing and shout for evermore;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make all heaven with praises ring.

## SONG 32. P. M.

1 COME thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Raise the mount, O fix me on it,
Mount of God's redeeming love.

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy grace I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandring from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood.

5 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandring heart to thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

## SONG 33. P. M.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Fair prospects, sweet songs and sweet flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind.
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

## SONG 34. P. M.

1 THE Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume;
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flows to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive.

2 O that this dry and barren ground,
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become!

The desert blossom as the rose,
And Jesus conquer all his foes,
And make his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is;
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

4 The worst of sinners here may find,
A Saviour loving, good and kind;
Who will them all receive!
None are too late who will repent;
Out of one sinner legions went,
Jesus did him relieve.

5 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word
In Jesus' ways go on;
Our trials and our troubles here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne,
From Jesus' throne on high:
It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.

7 But then we come to reign above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply;

Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

8 There we will reign and shout and sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet him in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
We'll sing and shout for evermore,
In sweet redeeming love:
We'll shout and praise our conq'ring King,
Who died himself that he might bring
Us rebels home to God.

## SONG 35. P. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands;
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,

For me to intercede;
With his redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood was spilt for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of Grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry!
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The father hears him pray,
His dear annointed one;
He cannot turn away,
The presence of his son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

## SONG 36. P. M.

1 HAIL! ye dying sons of sorrow,
Learn with me your certain doom,
Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
See all nature fading, dying;
Silent all things seem to mourn;

Life from vegetation flying
Brings to mind the awful urn.

2 See in yonder forest standing.
Lofty cedars how they nod,
Scenes of nature how surprising,
Read in nature, nature's God.
While the annual frosts are cropping
The leaves and verdure from the trees,
So our friends are yearly dropping,
We are like to one of these.

3 Hollowing winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters how they rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.
What is stored in autum's treasure,
Since I have no earthly joys;
Long I've lost all youthful pleasure,
Time must youth and health destroy.

4 Former friends how oft I've sought them
For to cheer a troubled mind;
But they are gone like leaves of autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years are wasted,
And a few more scenes are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall fall to rise no more.

5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
Soon will set in endless night;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in fuller worlds of light.

Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
Death will burst the silent gloom;
Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

## SONG 37. P. M.

1 LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarring cease;
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and prince of peace:
Visit now thy precious Zion,
See thy people mourn and weep;
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

2 Many follow men's inventions,
And submit to human laws;
Hence divisions and contentions,
Sully the Redeemer's cause:
Hence we suffer persecution,
While the foolish virgins sleep;
All is uproar and confusion,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Some of Paul, some of Apollos,
Some of Cephas, few agree;
Jesus let us hear thee call us,
Help us Lord to follow thee;
Then we'll rush through what encumbers,
Every hind'rance overleap;
Fearing not their force or numbers,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

4 Lord in us there is no merit,

We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us Lord by thy good spirit,
That shall teach us all thy truth.
On thy gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep;
Love's our bond, and Christ our centre,
Come good Shepherd feed thy sheep.

5 Come good Lord, with courage arm us,
Persecution we'll not fear;
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our loving Shepherd's near:
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

6 Hear the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, "fear not little flock,
I myself am your foundation,
Ye are built upon this rock;
Shun the paths of vice and folly,
Lest you sink into the deep;
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep."

7 Christ alone our souls shall rest on,
Taught by him we own his name;
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our hearts inflame:
Glory! glory! give him glory,
Strong is he and he will keep;
He will clear our way before us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

## SONG 38. P. M.

1 NOW whilst I try my heart
By thy unerring word,
My conscience can assert
I truly fear the Lord;
I cannot tread the paths of sin,
I long for holiness within.

2 Yes, holiness of heart
I would more largely share;
I mourn with inward smart
The evils that are there.
I hate my thoughts because they 're vain.
I would from every sin abstain.

3 I hate this wretched pride,
These covetous desires;
I'd have them crucified,
For God my heart requires.
Jesus, do thou these foes subdue,
O make me more sincere and true.

I'd live alone to thee,
I love t' obey thy word,
Well pleas'd that thou should'st be,
My Saviour and my Lord.
To thee I now resign my heart,
Renew it, Lord, in every part.

## SONG 39. P. M.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword:

Let the world account me poor;
Having this, I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meet and drink indeed.

3 When my soul is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly
Healing med'cines here I find.
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.
While the scripture truth is sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word.
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.

Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

## SONG 40. P. M.

1 WHITHER go'st thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

No, I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah, O hallelujah.

2 Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through a waste so wide;
But no harm will e'er befal me,
While I'm blest with such a guide.
For I'm bound, &c.

3 Such a guide! No guide attends thee;
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
O I'm bound, &c.

4 Yes, unseen; but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
For I'm bound, &c.

5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,
Darkly winding through the vale;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Then would not thy courage fail?
No, I'm bound, &c.

6 No; that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend;
There to plunge 't will be delightful;
Then my pilgrimage will end.
O, I'm bound, &c.

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from sight;
Gazing still, I saw her rising,
Like an angel cloth'd with light.
O, I'm bound, &c.

8 Cease my heart, this mournful crying,
Death will burst the sullen gloom;
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb.
For I'm bound &c.

SONG 41. P. M.

1 FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord;
The Gospel sounds the Jubilee;
To souls in bondage is the word,
Ye captives, now you may be free;
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart;
I humbly beg your honest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part;
Till we shall meet in heaven above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3 Farewell, my earthly friends below,
Although so kind and dear to me;

My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee;
To sound the joy and bear the news
To Gentile men and royal Jews.

4 Farewell, dear people, one and all,
While God will give me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the eternal all,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepared may be,
To dwell in bliss eternally.

5 Farewell to all beneath the sun;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is straight my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go;
And God will keep me by his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6 Farewell, farewell; I look above;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call;
My joy, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my heaven, my all,
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only hope in death. Amen.

## SONG 42. P. M.

1 WAK'D by the gospel's powerful sound,
My soul in sin and thrall I found,
Expos'd to dreadful wo;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinners must be born again,
Or down to ruin go.

2 Surpris'd indeed, I could not tell

Which way to shun the gates of hell,
To which I then drew near:
I strove, alas! but all in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.

3 I to the law then ran for help,
But still I felt the weight of guilt,
And no relief I found;
While sin my burthen'd soul did pain,
The sinner must be born again,
Did loud as thunder sound.

4 God's justice then I did behold;
And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
It was a dreadful load;
This solemn truth did still remain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God.

5 I heard some tell how Christ did give
His life to let the sinner live,
But him I could not see;
I read the Bible, it was plain.
The sinner must be born again,
Or die eternally.

6 But as my soul with dying breath,
Lay gasping near the second death,
Christ Jesus I did see;
Free grace and pardon he proclaim'd,
I then, I then was born again,
And set at liberty.

7 Not angels in the world above,

Nor saints could glow with greater love,
Than what my soul enjoy'd;
My soul did mount on eagle's wing;
And glory, glory, I did sing,
To Jesus my dear Lord.

8 Now with the saints I'll join to tell
How Jesus sav'd my soul from hell,
To sing redeeming love,
Ascribe the glory to the Lamb,
The sinner now is born again,
To dwell with Christ above.

## SONG 43. P. M.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
"It is finish'd! it is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd! O what pleasure
Doth these charming words afford;
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
Saints the dying words record.

3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows,
Of the prophesying law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd!
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
Saints from hence your comforts draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant

As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd! It is finish'd!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasant theme,
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

## SONG 44.

1 THERE is no path to heavenly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ the appointed road;
O may we tread the sacred way,
By faith rejoice, and praise and pray,
Till we sit down with God.

2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour, just and true:
O! may we all his word believe,
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.

3 As he above forever lives,
And life to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine;
O! may his spirit in me dwell,
Then saved from sin, and death and hell,
Eternal life is mine.

## SONG 45.

1 THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Tho' friends all should fail and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,

The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed,
From them let us learn to trust in our Head;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deni'd,
So long as its written the Lord will provide.

3 We all may like ships with tempests be tost,
On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost;
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey like Abraham of old,
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has tried)
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our pow'r, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in vie

The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
Nor fearing, nor doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

## SONG 46.

1 O! TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is oe'r.
A country I've foun i where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay—he calls thee away.
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength and comfort—go after him, go.
Lo! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wond'rous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not l ve in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running thro' grace,

Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: To seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When thus he assures you his grace is so nigh?

## SONG 47.

1 REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die, you must die,
Remember, sinful youth, you must die;
Remember, sinful youth, who hate the ways of truth,
And in your pleasures boast, you must die, &c.

2 Uncertain are your days here below, here, &c.
Uncertain are your days here below;
Uncertain are your days, for God has many ways
To bring you to your graves here below, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road, &c.
And if you travel down the broad road,
And if you travel down, to darkness you are bound,
Eternally around the broad road, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are bound &c.
To a dreadful judgment day, be your thoughts whate'er they may,
Nor can you it delay—you are bound, &c.

5 The God who built the skies, great I Am &c.
The God who built the skies, great I Am,
The God who built the sky has said, and cannot lie,

Impenitents must die and be damn'd, &c.

6 And O my friends! don't you, I entreat, &c.
And O my friends! don't you, I entreat,
And O my friends! don't you your carnal ways pursue,
Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.

7 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life, &c.
Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life,
Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal be
Your final destiny—'scape for life, 'scape for life.

## SONG 48.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er.
If I continue faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, tho' I die;
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu;
And O my friends prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith. and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you want for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though oft times you request:
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

6 Our eyes shall then, with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet, no more diverted,
Shall walk the street of gold;
Our ears shall hear, with transport,
The host celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chaunt the glory
Of our celestial King.

## SONG 49.

1 WHY should I be affrighted at pestilence and war?
The fiercer the tempest, the sooner it is o'er;

With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise in vain,
They only can escort me to yonder blissful plain,
With glory in my soul.

2 This world is full of dangers, and foes they press me hard,
But Jesus has promis'd that he will be my guard;
Here I shall not be tempted above what I can bear—
When fighting's done, escorted his kingdom for to share,
With glory in my soul.

3 From him I have my orders, and while I do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way.
The way is so delightful, I wish to travel on,
Till I arrive at heaven t' receive a starry crown,
With glory in my soul.

4 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is my hope:
I'll try like holy Moses to gain the mountain top;
Then at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness to die,
An then ascend to heaven, and reign above the sky,
With glory in my soul.

5 Tho' sinners do despise me, and laugh at what I say,
I find a little number walks in the narrow way.
Come on, come on, my brethren, they laugh'd at Jesus too;
The crown appears before us, and heaven in our view,
And glory in our souls.

6 I must conclude my song, tho' it is against my will:
I wish to have the power to sing while I can feel;
I long to see the time when immortal I shall be,
To shout and praise my Saviour through all eternity,
With glory in my soul.

## SONG 50.

1 MY days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady poll.
Time, like the tide, its motions keeps,
And I must launch through endless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen,
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly,
Unthinking man, remember this,
Tho' fond of sublunary bliss,
That you must groan and die.

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

4 How great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this inch of time below,
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close
Ere I expire in death.

5 Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! one hour may close the scene,
And ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot.

6 But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be;
No, my immortal cannot die;
What shall I do, or whither fly,
When death shall set me free?

7 Will mercy then her arms extend,
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place?
Or shall insulting fiends appear,
And drag thee down to dark despair,
Below the reach of grace?

8 A heaven or hell, and these alone,
Beyond the present life are known;
There is no middle state.
To-day attend the call divine,
To-morrow may be none of thine,
Or it may be too late.

9 O do not pass this as a dream,
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem
To poor unthinking men.
Lord, at thy feet I humbly bow,
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then.

10 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way,
That leads to joy on high.

Thy grace impart, my guilt forgive,
Nor let me ever dare to live
Such as I dare not die.

## SONG 51.

1 WHAT wond'rous love is this,
O my soul! O my soul!
What wond'rous love is this,
O my soul!
What wond'rous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss
To send his precious peace
To my soul, to my soul;
To send his precious peace, &c.

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down, sinking down,
When I was sinking down,
Sinking down;
Wen I was sinking down
Beneath his righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown
For my soul, for my soul;
Christ laid aside his crown, &c.

3 Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news, bear the news,
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Bear the news;
Ye winged seraphs fly,
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news, with the news!
Fill vast eternity, &c.

Ye friends of Zion's King,

Join his praise, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise;
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string
In his praise, in his praise;
And strike each, &c.

5 To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb
I wtll sing;
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the gream I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions, &c.

6 And while from death I'm free,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on,
And while from death I'm free,
I'll sing on;
And while from death I'm free,
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity,
I'll sing on, I'll sing on;
And through eternity, &c.

## SONG 52.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving fall down at thy feet;
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh and blood,
To thee, my Redeemer, my Lord and my God.

2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord,
I love thee, my Saviour, I trust in thy word;
I love thee, I love thee, & that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee, I never can show.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O won'drous account!
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With angels, my kindred, and Jesus my dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest,
Thy grace be my theme, and thy name be my song,
Thy love doth inspire both my heart and my tongue.

5 O who is like Jesus? He's Salem's bright King,
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

## SONG 53.

1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my ratured vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him:

Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him.
Angelic trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing to the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crows before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! Holy! Holy One!

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, methinks, to seize us;
Join me to the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus—flow along.

## SONG 54.

1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot, wise,
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,

While I have such a Lord:
I'll trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guard me with his eye:
My anchor, hope, will firm abide,
And every boisterous storm outride.

4 Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

5 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:
O may I gain the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves disturb no more.

6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destin'd place.
There, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

## SONG 55. P M

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art mine,
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best,
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm
blest.

2 Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
All language of mortals forever would fail;
My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I'm raised into rapture while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In blest meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O! may we ne'er part;
All glory to Jesus! he dwells in my heart.

5 My Saviour, I love thee; I love thee, my Lord;
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
With tender emotion, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe.

6 I'm happy in Jesus, and cannot forbear
(Tho' sinners despise me) his love to declare;
For death will soon call me, and then I shall fly
And praise him in mansions prepared on high.

7 Then millions of ages my soul shall employ,
In praising my Jesus, my God and my joy;
Without intermission, when all the glad throng,
With pleasure unceasing, unite in the song.

## SONG 56. P. M.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant redeemer was laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we deck him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us your aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

## SONG 57. C. M.

1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
Are oft in mercy sent;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.

2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinched him sore.

3 What have I gain'd by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his son,

I'll seek a servant's place.

5 His father saw him coming back,
He look'd, and ran, and smil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 Father, I've sin'd; but, oh! forgive—
Enough, the father said;
Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be slain;
Go spread the news abroad;
My son was dead, but lives again,
Was lost, but now is found.

8 'Tis thus the Lord his grace reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And bids the needy come.

## SONG 58. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before mine eye;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.
I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind;
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,
In anguish, pain and smart,
Oft times those troubles I forego,
When love surrounds my heart.
In darkest shadows of the night,
Faith mounts the upper sky;

I then behold my heart's delight,
And would rejoice to die.

3 I view the monster death, and smile,
Now he has lost his sting;
Though Satan rages all the while,
I still the triumph sing.
I hold my Saviour in my arms,
And will not let him go;
I'm so delighted with his charms,
No other good I'll know.

4 A few more days or years at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.
My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Brings pleasing views to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me through the sky:
Nor let thy charriot wheels delay,
Make haste and bring it nigh.
I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine,
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be for ever thine.

6 Then will I tune my harp of gold,
To my eternal King;
Through ages that can ne'er be told,
I'll make his praises ring.
All hail! eternal Son of God,
Who died on Calvary,
And saved me with thy precious blood,
From endless misery.

## SONG 59. P. M.

1 HEAD of the Church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher;
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty power;
The love divine which made us thine,
Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us;
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou shalt set before us:
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

## SONG 60. P. M.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me!

2 "I delivered thee when bound;
And when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bear?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is a redeeming love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of Grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O! for grace to love thee more!

## SONG 61. L. M.

1 HOW full of anguish is the thought!
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my Sov'reign Judge,
Should frown and bid my soul depart.

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?

For I have sought no other home,
For I have learn'd no other rest.

2 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heaven, without thy presence there,
Will be a dark and tiresome place.
When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.

3 And if no evening visit 's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night, how sad the shade,
How mournfully the minutes roll.
This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood,
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

4 Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or mine eyes.
The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off,
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold, with Christ my love.

5 My God, and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?
Impossible; for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.

## SONG 62. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving kindness is so free.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
And sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness is so great.

3 When I was Satan's easy prey,
And deep in debt and bondage lay;
He gave his life for my discharge,
His loving kindness is so large.

4 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
When earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness is so strong.

5 When earthly friends forsake me quite,
And I have neither skill nor might;
He's sure my helper to appear,
His loving kindness is so near.

6 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
And though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

7 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail,
O may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

8 Then shall I mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day;

There shall I sing with sweet surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

9 There with their golden harps I'll join,
And with their anthems mingle mine;
And loudly sound on every chord,
The loving kindness of the Lord.

## SONG 63. P. M.

1 DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their way:
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow
Lies the field of endless day:
Fiends, loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often lay their courage low.

2 O, young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way;
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you;
He will lead you to his throne,
He who dy'd his garments for you;
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He will lead to hills of pleasure,
To the fields of endless rest,
Where joy, love and peace for ever
Reigns and triumphs in your breast
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
There on golden harps for ever
Sound redemption through the sky.

## SONG 64. P. M.

1 BEHOLD Paul, a pris'ner, at Felix's bar,
And by the example learn never to fear;
No doubt, all assembled, expecting to see
The pris'ner stand dreading the judge's decree.

2 But the scene is quite chang'd, how strange to behold,
The judge seiz'd with trembling, the pris'ner so bold;
'Twas no carnal weapon, no dignified sound,
But Christ in the man, and his word gave the wound.

3 While Paul spake of Jesus, and faith in his name,
Of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.
The word which discerneth the thoughts of the heart,
Addressed his conscience, and pierc'd like a dart.

4 But Felix lov'd darkness, and hated the light;
His deeds were all evil, the works of the night;
His conscience was troubled, to fly from the pain,
He said, of this matter I'll hear thee again.

5 Dear sinners, proud sinner, in ruin's wide field,
Are oft met by Jesus, entreated to yield;
And call'd to repentance or death will ensue,
The devil persuades them to-morrow will do.

6 Their hearts become harden'd, the consciences sear'd,

The bait is presented by which they 're ensnar'd;
Again, when entreated to turn from their ways,
They answer, I'm waiting for God's time and grace.

7 Of all hell's devices to lead souls astray,
'Tis procrastination that most dath betray;
While Jesus says open, and I will come in.
The souls say not, I'll hear the again.

8 Dear sinners, don't linger; obey the glad voice;
In Jesus be happy, in Jesus rejoice;
Choose him for your portion, resign all below,
Unite with his people, to glory you'll go.

## SONG 65.

1 Come, brethren and sisters, that love my dear Lord,
I pray give attention and ear to my word;
What a wonder of mercy! behold now I see,
What a tender, kind Saviour has done for poor me.

2 I was led by the devil, till lost and distrest,
I thought that in torment I soon should be cast;
No peace to the wicked, but all misery,
Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for me.

3 O sinner, said Jesus, for you I háve died;
All glory to Jesus, my soul then replied.
The guilt was removed, my soul did rejoice;
The blood was applied, the witness and voice.

4 O the joyful sensations that run through my breast,

To think such a sinner should ever be blest;
The heart of this rebel was bursted in twain,
To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There was peace now in heaven, and peace upon earth,
The angels rejoice at a poor sinner's birth;
Your sins are forgiven, my Saviour did say,
O witness, kind heaven, on this my birth-day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the ground,
The time of refreshing at length I have found;
O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with thy charms,

7 Let me die now like Simeon, with Christ in my arms.

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## ADDITIONAL SONGS.

### SONG 66.

1 SINNERS, perhaps this news to you
May have no weight, altho' so true:
The carnal pleasures of the earth
Cast off the thoughts and fears of death.

2 The ag'd sinner will not turn,
His heart's so hard he cannot mourn—
Much harder than the flinty rock,
It will not break tho' Jesus knock.

3 The blooming youths all in their prime,
Are counting up the length of time;
They often say 'tis their intent,
When they get old, they will repent.

4 But O! the sad and dreadful state

Of those who stay and come too late;
The foolish Virgins did begin
To knock, but could not enter in.

5 Then, Parents, take a solemn view
Of your dear children, dear to you;
How could you bear to hear them cry,
And charge you with their misery.

6 When Christ, the Lord, shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame,
Saying, "Gabriel, go proclaim the sound
And wake the nations under ground,"

7 O! how will parents tremble there,
Who raised their children without prayer;
Methinks they'll hear their children say
I never heard my parents pray.

8 Good Lord, what groans and bitter cries,
And thunders roaring through the skies;
Poor sinners sinking in dispair,
And christians shouting through the air.

## SONG 67.

1 From earthly friends I've come away,
Sinners to call in this their day;
But I do find them hard and blind,
To live in sin they seem inclined.

2 Tears from your eyes were seen to fall,
When God in mercy did you call,
By death of friends and neighbors too,
Whom God has called away from you.

3 You've seen them gasp for life and breath,
Their blood all cold and stopped by death;
Their days are past and years are fled,

And they are numbered with the dead.

4 Though young in grace and young in years,
I've come to you in love and tears,
I'll warn you all from wrath to flee,
In judgment you'll remember me.

5 How can you bear to meet me there,
Whom God has called to warn you here?
My prayers and cries, and sweat and tears,
Will but augment your dreadful fears.

6 To see that God whom you despise
Burn up the earth and melt the skies,
While lightnings flash and thunders roll
And vengance pouring on your soul.

7 Then saints shall stand forever blest,
Caught up by God in Heaven to rest;
Come O my friends, and meet us there,
Where crowns of glory we shall wear.

## SONG 68.

*The Christian School.*

1 There is a school on earth begun,
Supported by the Holy one;
He sends his students for to prove
The principles of perfect love.

2 O! come my friends, where e'er you be,
Say will you go to school with me!
Christ Jesus is my master's name.
To day as yesterday the same,

3 His law commands attention bright,
He teaches well both day and night,
His government is meek and mild
Towards the aged and the child;

4 My master learns the blind to see;
Come then, ye blind, the school is free;
My master learns the lame to walk,
Likewise he learns the dumb to talk.

5 He learns the swearing man to pray;
Come then prepare without delay;
He'll learn your tongues to sing his grace,
And spread abroad his glorious praise.

6 My master learns the deaf to hear;
Come then ye deaf and lend an ear
Unto my master's pleasant voice;
He'll make your mourning souls rejoice.

7 The scriptures are our school book true;
The lessons are forever new,
The scholars all may learn to read;
This is a glorious school indeed.

8 O! Brethren all, who are at school,
Attention pay to every rule;
Soon we shall learn that happy art
Of loving God with all the heart.

9 When this frail tenement must die,
Then we shall lay our school book by,
With master Jesus we shall reign:
Glory to God! glory! amen.

10 Where angels bow before his throne,
And cry in reverential tone,
All glory be to God alone;
For he is Master, King and Son.

## SONG 69. C. M.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,

To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow,
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay?
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;
But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

## SONG 70. P. M.

1 COME and taste, along with me,
The weary pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation;
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd;
The fullness of his power I prove,
The sweetness of redeeming love:
Jesus is the pilgrim's portion,
Love as boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world or flesh would rise,
And strive to draw me from my Saviour;
Strangers slight, or friends despise,
I then more highly prize his favour.
Friends, believe me when I tell,
If Christ be present, all is well;
The world and flesh in vain may rise,
I all their efforts do despise:
In the world I've tribulation,
But in Christ I've consolation.

3 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
Because I shun their carnal pleasure;
All in this that gives me pain
Is, that they slight the gospel treasure:
But still among them (bless the Lord!)
Are some who tremble at his word;
And this doth joy to me impart,
To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart:
O the grace to sinners given,
Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven!

4 When I'm in the house of prayer,
I find him in the congregation;

Music sweet unto my ear
Is the glad sound of free salvation.
When I hear the notes of praise,
How Zion's songs my spirits raise!
I join the strain, and sing aloud,
And disregard the gazing crowd:
Glorious theme of exultation!
Jesus Christ is my salvation.

5 When I hear the pleasing sound
Of weeping sinners just converted;
The dead's alive, the lost is found,
The Lord hath heal'd the broken hearted.
My heart exults, my spirits glow,
I love my Lord and brethren so;
O, had I wings like Noah's dove,
I soon would sing with those above:
Glory! honour! and salvation!
What I feel is past expression.

6 Why should I regard the frown
Of those who mock, deride or slight me?
Soon in death I shall lie down,
Beyond the reach of those who hate me:
Sorrows, toils, and sufferings o'er,
When once I reach that happy shore;
There with the shining hosts above,
I'll sing and shout redeeming love:
Blessings there beyond expression,
Ever roll in sweet succession.

7 Sinners, you may laugh and scorn;
Your moments lost will be lamented,
The awful day is hast'ning on,
When you will wish you had repented.
Death, in his embraces cold,

Will soon your mortal bodies hold;
Then all your pleasures take their flight,
And down you'll sink in endless night!
While you 're of that guilty number,
Your destruction doth not slumber.

8 Fellow sinners go with me,
My heart's enlarged to receive you;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
O, come to Jesus, he'll relieve you:
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And will destruction ever choose,
Unhappy souls, your guilt and blood
Will lie on your defenceless head;
Darkness, torment, pain and sorrow—
May be yours before to-morrow.

9 Mourner, see your Saviour stand
With arms expanded to receive you;
Now he spreads his bleeding hands,
O venture on him, he'll relieve you:
Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy's open wide:
The fountain flows which saves from sin,
Come now, believe, and enter in:
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour,
Come, believe, and live forever.

## SONG 71.

1 There is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll;
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I long to rest my soul:
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely one bright cheering ray.

But since I found the Saviour,
A lamp has shone along my way.

2 My way is full of danger;
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road:
Now I must gird my sword on
My breastplate, helmet and my shield,
And fight the host of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.

3 I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand;
O come along poor sinners,
And see Emanuel's happy land,
To all who stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell;
Come now or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.

4 The vale of tears surround me,
And Jordan's current rolls before:
Oh! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar.
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there,
From sinking down to darkness,
And to the regions of despair!

5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stands beside me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave:
His word has calm'd the ocean—
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale:
Oh! shall this friend be with me,

While through the gulph of death I sail?

6 Come then thou king of terrors,
And with thy dagger lay me low—
I'll sooner reach those regions,
Where everlasting pleasures grow.
O christians! shall I leave you,
No more to join your social band;
No more to sooth your sorrow,
'Til at the judgment bar we stand?

7 Soon the arch-angel's trumpet,
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature,
Shall in a moment cease to roll,
Then we shall see the Saviour,
With shining ranks of angels come,
To execute his vengeance,
And take his faithful servants home.

## SONG 72.

1 COME saints and sinners hear me tell
The wonders of Emanuel,
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus stoop'd to hear my cry,
And saw my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.

3 Oh God have mercy! then said I,
And look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die—

I strove salvation then to buy,
But still I had no union.

4 And when I hated all my sin,
My kind redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,
And Oh! what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I something always found to say
About this heavenly union.

6 I wonder why the saints don't sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hozannahs to their king,
Who brought their souls to union.

7 O come back-sliders, come away,
And mind to do as well as say,
Come learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and woe,
And then we'll all to glory go,
Where we shall see, and hear and know,
And feel a perfect union.

## SONG 73. C. M.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home,
O how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?

Thy joys when shall I see?

CHORUS.

O the place, the happy place,
The place where Jesus is,
The place where the christians all shall meet
And never part again.

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold!
Thy gates are richly set with pearls,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy riches and thy pleasant height
My study long has been;
Such sparkling light by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence:
What folly 's this that I should dread,
To die and go from hence.

5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus my love to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see;
And all my brethren here below
May soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet, and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise;

While Jesu's love in every heart
Shall tune the song FREE GRACE.

9 When we've been there ten thousand ye.
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing his praise,
Than when we first begun.
O! the place, &c.

## SONG 74.

1 YE souls, who are now bound for heaven,
Oh come join and help me to sing
An anthem of praise unto Jesus,
My Prophet, my Priest and my King.
These notes are so soft and melodious,
They'll help you most sweetly to move,
When Jesus himself is the leader,
Who draws you with cords of his love.

2 When Jesus beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain,
He brought me my sins to discover,
Then cleansed my soul from the stain:
How sweet were the accents of pardon,
How qickly my guilt did remove,
When I could behold the sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner should love!

3 And now I am pressing for Canaan,
Tho' Jordan is rolling before,
Which causes me almost to tremble,
To hear how its billows do roar;
But Jesus can calm the loud ocean,
And cause its loud raging to cease,
If faith, hope and love are in motion,
I'll walk thro' the valley in peace.

4 His rod and his staff shall console me,
His shepherd-like voice we shall hear;
Then why should its raging affright me,
Since Jesus will be with me there?
On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,
To join the bright spirits above;
There ever to praise and adore him,
Who brought me to feast on his love.

5 Oh! christians, I feel myself happy,
In anticipating this joy,
We shortly in love shall be feasting,
Which never can, never can cloy,
O, sinners it grieves me to leave you,
Once more I entreat you to go,
Oh! hasten and fly unto Jesus,
The Gospel 's inviting you now.

6 Dear mourners, I view your condition,
With pleasure that's mixed with pain,
You're sick, but the gracious Physician,
Has bid you to trust in his name.
Of seeking, pray do not be weary,
Though dead he can make you revive,
The means of your cure is quite easy,
When ready, but look and you'll live.

7 Take courage you conquering soldiers,
Death shortly will sound a retreat,
And then all your arms will be grounded,
At Jesus, your General's feet;
Eternity then will be ringing,
Salvation to God and the Lamb,
Oh! christians I long to be singing,
With angels the praise of his name.

## SONG 75.

1 HARK, listen to the trumpeters,
They sound for volunteers,
On zion's bright and flow'ry mount,
Behold the officers—
Their horses white, and garments bright,
With sword and bow they stand;
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march for Canaan's land.

2 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no tories in their band,
They will their colors fly;
But call for valiant hearted men,
That do not fear to die.

3 The armies now are in parade,
How martial they appear;
All dress'd and arm'd in uniform,
They look like men of war.
They follow their brave general,
The great eternal Lamb;
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.

4 The trumpet sounds, the armies shout,
And drive the hosts of hell,
How dreatful is our God in arms,
Th' great Emanuel.
Sinners enlist with Jesus Christ,
The only Son of God
And march with us to Canaan's land
Beyond the swelling flood.

3 There is a green and flow'ry field,
Where fruit's imortal grow,
There cloth'd in white with angels bright,
We'll our Redeemer know.
We'll shout and sing forever more,
In that eternal world,
But Satan and his armies too,
Shall down to hell be hurl'd.

4 Hold up your head's, ye soldiers bold,
Redemption's drawing nigh,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
That shakes both earth and sky,
In fiery chariots then we'll fly,
And leave the world on fire,
And meet around the starry throne,
To tune th' immortal lyre.

## SONG 76.

1 O MAY I worthy prove to see,
The saints in full prosperity,
To see the bright, and glittering bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.

2 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet;
Where I may sit and humbly sing—
Salvation to my glorious king.

3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and woe my soul shall fly,
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Up to the new Jerusalem.

4 I'll praise my maker while I've breath,
I hope to praise him after death,

I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

5 Farewell vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

6 I soon shall pass the veil of death,
And in his arms I'll loose my breath,
And then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground;
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.

8 When to the blessed world I rise,
And join the anthems in the skies;
This note above the rest shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9 Then I shall see my smiling God,
And praise him in his bright abode;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

## SONG 77.

1 MY brethren all, on you I call,
Arise and look around you,
How many foes, bound to oppose,
Are waiting to confound you;
The trumpet calls, on Zion's walls,
Shake off your sleep and slumber,
Arise and pray, we'll win the day,
Though we are few in number.

2 As we draw nigh, objecters fly,
Like peals of loudest thunder,
The voice of prayer, makes sinners stare,
They're fill'd with awe and wonder.
While music sweet, makes some retreat,
Our Jesus still draws nigher,
His precious name lights up the flame,
That sets our souls on fire.

3 While grace divine in others shine,
With such we are delighted,
With them we crowd, and sing so loud,
Poor sinners are affrighted;
The sweetest joy our powers employ
To see the cause advancing,
Tho' some go off and boldy scoff,
And say that we are dancing.

4 Some mournfully for mercy cry,
And stubborn hearts are bended,
If we but smile, they say we are wild,
And so go off offended;
If souls are born we'll bear the scorn,
Let sinners tell their story,
For Jesus' name we'll bear the shame
And give him all the glory.

5 When some desert, it pains my heart
To think the cause is wounded,
But let them go, true Christians know,
That they are not confounded.
They'll run their race, and find a place,
With Satan, their old master,
Their race they'll run, let us press on,
We'll go to heaven the faster.

6 But as we fly, we'll always cry,

To God for their salvation,
O God of love, send from above,
And save this wicked nation.
Thy spirit send, their hearts to rend,
Arrest them with thy thunder;
Let sweeter songs employ their tongues
While filled with joy and wonder.

7 The outward blaze sometimes decays,
Some christiains seem contented,
The world is sure, the work is o'er,
They'll be no more tormented;
Some are afraid, the spirit's fled,
While others are offended,
We'll never fear, but persevere,
The warfare is not ended.

8 To man unknown, the seed is sown,
We'll overcome temptation,
The cross we'll bear, let's not despair,
We'll joy in tribulation.
The noisy scene comes on again,
The shouting trump is sounded,
We find at length, we're gaining strength
Our foes will be confounded.

## SONG 78.

1 COME all my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are join'd in one;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run—
Above the clouds behold him stand,
And smiling bid you come
And angels whisp'ring you away,
To your eternal home.

2 A pilgrim on his dying bed,
With glory in his soul;
Upwards he lifts his longing eyes,
Towards the blissful goal?
While friends and children weep around,
And loth to let him go,
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below.

3 O Christians are you ready now,
To cross the rolling flood?
On Canaan's happy shore, behold
And see your smiling God.
The dazzling charms of those bright worlds,
Attract my soul above;
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.

4 Go on my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there,
Although we tread enchanted ground,
Be bold and never fear.
Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
The land appears in view,
I hope to gain sweet Canaan's shore,
And there to meet with you.

5 Salvation to our conqu'ring king,
Then let echo rise;
While the repeat is sung above,
By armies in the skies.
O Christians help me praise the Lamb,
Who died for you and me;
We'll sing his praises as we go,
And shout eternally.

6 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,

Until we meet again;
If not below, yet as we rise
Above the fiery main.
We'll join the royal armies bright,
In presence of the Lamb;
And tune our harps and sing free grace,
In love's eternal flame.

## SONG. 79.

1 While angels strike their tuneful strings,
And veil their faces with their wings,
Each saint on earth his Jesus sings,
And joins to praise the king of kings
Who sav'd his soul from ruin.

2 But sinners fond of earthly joys,
Mock and deride, while saints rejoice;
They close their ears at Jesus' voice,
And make the world and sin their choice,
And force their way to ruin.

3 The preachers warn them night and day,
For them the Christians weep and pray;
But sinners laugh and turn away,
And join the wicked, vain and gay,
And throng the road to ruin.

4 Sometimes by preaching sinners see
They're doom'd to hell and misery;
To turn to God, they then agree;
But O! 'tis wicked company
That leads them back to ruin.

5 Sometimes, when nothing else will do,
Affliction will their danger show,
And bring their haughty feelings low,
Then they'll repent, and pray, and vow
But turn again to ruin.

6 When every way is tried in vain,
The sinner's stubborn heart to gain,
He's left to guilt, and fear, and pain;
The blow is struck—the sinner's slain,
And sinks to endless ruin.

7 O sinner's! turn—long time you've stood
Opposed to God and all that's good;
Lay down your arms, submit to God,
And thus be sav'd through Jesus' blood,
From sin and endless ruin.

## SONG 80. P. M.

1 HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favor
Now is offered by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost forever;

O! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus di-ed,
For you he was crucifi-ed;
Conquered death and rose to heaven;
Life eternal through him is given:
Jesus reigns, &c.

6 Here is wine and milk and honey;
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy flowing like a fountain
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

7 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reign, &c.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire—
Brethren, raise your voices higher;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.
Jesus reigns, &c.

9 Shout ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
Jesus reigns, &c.

10 Shout, ye saints; make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchas'd our redemption;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
Jesus reigns, &c.

## SONG 81.

1 THE people called christians
Have many things to tell,
About the land of Canaan,
Where saints and angels dwell:
But here a dismal ocean
Enclosing them around,
With its tides—still divides
Them from Canaan's happy ground,

2 Many have been impatient
To work their passage through;
And with united wisdom
Have tried what they could do;
But vessels by human skill
Have never sailed far,
Till we found—them aground,
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel
Hath launch'd the deep at last;
Behold the sails expanded
Around the towering mast!
Along the deck in order,
The joyful sailors stand
Crying, "Ho!—here we go
To Emanuel's happy land."

4 We're now on the wide ocean,
We bid the world farewell!
And though where we shall anchor
No human tongue can tell;
About our future destiny
There need be no debate,
While we ride—on the tide
With our Captain and his Mate.

5 To those who are spectators
What anguish must ensue,
To hear their old companions
Bid them a last adieu!
The pleasures of your paradise
No more our hearts invite;
We will sail—you may rail,
We shall soon be out of sight.

6 The passengers united,
In order, peace and love;—
The wind is in our favour;—
How swiftly do we move!
Though tempest may assail us,
And raging billows roar,
We will sweep—through the deep,
Till we reach fair Canaan's shore.

## SONG 82.

1 I'VE listed in the holy war; sing glory, glory, glory,
Content with suff'ring soldiers fare; sing glory, &c.
The banner o'er my hand is love; sing glory, glory, &c.
I draw my rations from above: sing glory, &c.

2 I've fought through many battles sore, &c.
And I must fight through many more;
I take my breastplate, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field.

3 The world and flesh and Satan too,
Unite and strive what they can do:
On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
Uphold me, or my soul must fall.

4 I've 'listed and I mean to fight,
'Till all my foes are put to flight,
And when the vict'ry I have won
I'll give the praise to God alone.

5 Come loving christians join with me,
Come face the foe, and he shall flee,
The heavenly battle 's now begun;
Come take the field and win the crown.

6 With 'listing orders I am come,
Come rich, come poor, come old and young,
Here's gracious bounty Christ has given,
And glorious crowns for you in heaven.

7 Our General he is gone before,
And bids you draw on grace's store;
But if you do not 'list and fight,
You'll sink into eternal night.

## SONG 83.

1 YE weary heavy-laden souls,
Who are oppressed sore;
Ye travellers through this wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore;
Through chilling winds and beating rains,
And waters deep and cold,
And enemies surrounding you—
Take courage and be bold.

2 Though storms and hurricanes arise,
The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear
In this enchanted ground;
Dark nights and clouds, and gloomy fears,
And dragons often roar;

Yet in the great Redeemer's strength,
We'll press to Canaan's shore.

3 We're often like the lonesome dove,
That mourns her absent mate;
From hill to hill, from grove to grove,
Her woes she doth relate;
But Canaan just before us lies,
Sweet spring is coming on;
A few more beating winds and rains,
And winter will be gone.

4 Sometimes like mountains to the skies,
Cold Jordan's billows roar,
And make us feeble pilgrims fear
We never shall get o'er;
But let us gain Pisgah's top,
And view the vernal plain,
To fright us then may Jordan roar,
And hell may rage in vain.

5 Methinks I now begin to see
The borders of that land;
The trees of life, with heavenly fruit,
In beauteous order stand;
Already is the winter gone,
Sweet spring doth now appear;
The glorious year is rolling on,
The great Sabatic year!

6 O what a glorious sight appears
To my admiring eyes!
By faith I see Jerusalem
Descending from the skies:
Bright angels whisper me away,
"O come to glory, come!"

And I am waiting to be gone
To my eternal home.

3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
Who are to Canaan bound!
And if we ne'er should meet again,
Till the last trump shall sound,
O may we meet together there,
On that delightful shore!
In regions of eternal bliss,
Where parting is no more.

## SONG 84.

1 THE glorious light of Zion
Is spreading all around,
And sinners now are heark'ning
Unto the gospel-sound:
The standard of King Jesus
Triumphant doth arise,
And mourners crowd around it,
With bitter groans and cries.

2 The suffering, bleeding Saviour,
Who died on Calvary,
Is now proclaim'd to sinners,
To set the guilty free;
And while the glorious message
Was circulating round,
Some souls, expos'd to ruin,
Redeming love have found.

3 And of that favour'd number,
I feel that I am one;
And Christ if I am faithful
Will finish what's begun

"Arrayed in fine linen" *
Then I shall ever be
A monument of mercy,
To all eternity.

4 I am a young convert,
Who lately did enlist
A soldier under Jesus,
My Prophet, King and Priest;
I have receiv'd my bounty,
I'm all in martial dress,
I hope to reap his favour,
A crown of righteousness.

5 Now baptized by the Spirit
Young converts let us go;
To serve our Lord and Master,
And follow him below;
For thus the blessed Jesus,
Displays his power to save,
Then let us praise the Saviour,
Who triumphs o'er the grave.

6 Poor sinners, think what Jesus
Has done for you and me;
Behold his mangled body
Hung tortur'd on the tree!
Now his hands, and bleeding side,
To you he doth display;—
O tell me, brother sinner,
How can you stay away?

7 Come, all you elder brethren,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Who, for the sake of Jesus,
Have counted all things lost,—

*Rev. xix. 8.

Come, pray for us, young converts,
That we may travel on,
And meet you all in glory,
Where our Redeemer's gone.

## SONG 85. P. M.

1 JESUS, grant us all a blesssing!
Send it down, Lord, from above
May we all go home a praising,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren! frrewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus pardon all our folly,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again,

## SONG 86.

1 WHILE beauty and youth are in their full prime,
And folly and fashion affect our whole time;
O let not the phantom our wishes engage,
Let us live so in youth that we blush not in age.

2 The vain and the young may attend us awhile,
But let not their flat'ry our prudence beguile;
Let us covet those charms that shall never decay,
Nor listen to all that deceivers can say.

3 I sigh not for beauty nor languish for wealth,

But grant me kind providence virtue and
health;
Then richer than kings and far happier than
they,
My days shall pass swiftly and sweetly away.

4 For when age steals on me, and youth is no
more,
And the moralist time shakes his glass at my
door;
What pleasure in beauty or wealth can I find,
My beauty, my wealth, is a sweet peace of
mind.

5 That peace I'll preserve it as pure as 'twas
giv'n,
Shall last in my bosom an earnest of heav'n;
For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold
scene,
And sixty can flourish as gay as sixteen.

6 And when I the burden of life shall have
borne,
And death with his sickle shall cut the ripe
corn,
Re-ascend to my God without murmur or sigh,
I'll bless the kind summons and lie down and
die.

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## FORM OF
## SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

---

DEARLY BELOVED: This man and this woman have presented themselves in the sight of God and in your presence, to be joined together in the honorable estate of matrimony. Now, therefore, if any can show any just cause why they may not thus be lawfully united, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.

If no impediment, then the minister shall say,

*A.* Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, and live with her according to the sacred ordinance of God, in the honorable estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love, comfort, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health—forsaking

all others, keep thou only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer,

"I will."

*B.* Wilt thou have this man to be thy husband, and live with him according to the sacred ordinance of God, in the honorable estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey, love, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health—forsaking all others, keep thou only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer,

"I will."

Upon which the minister shall pray:

O eternal God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, author of everlasting life: send thy blessing upon this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that as Isaac and

Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant between them made, and ever live in perfect harmony and peace, squaring their lives according to thy word, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The minister then shall join their right hands, and say,

Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

For as much as this man and this woman have consented together in wedlock, and witnessed the same before God, and thereto pledged their faith, I pronounce them MAN AND WIFE, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

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